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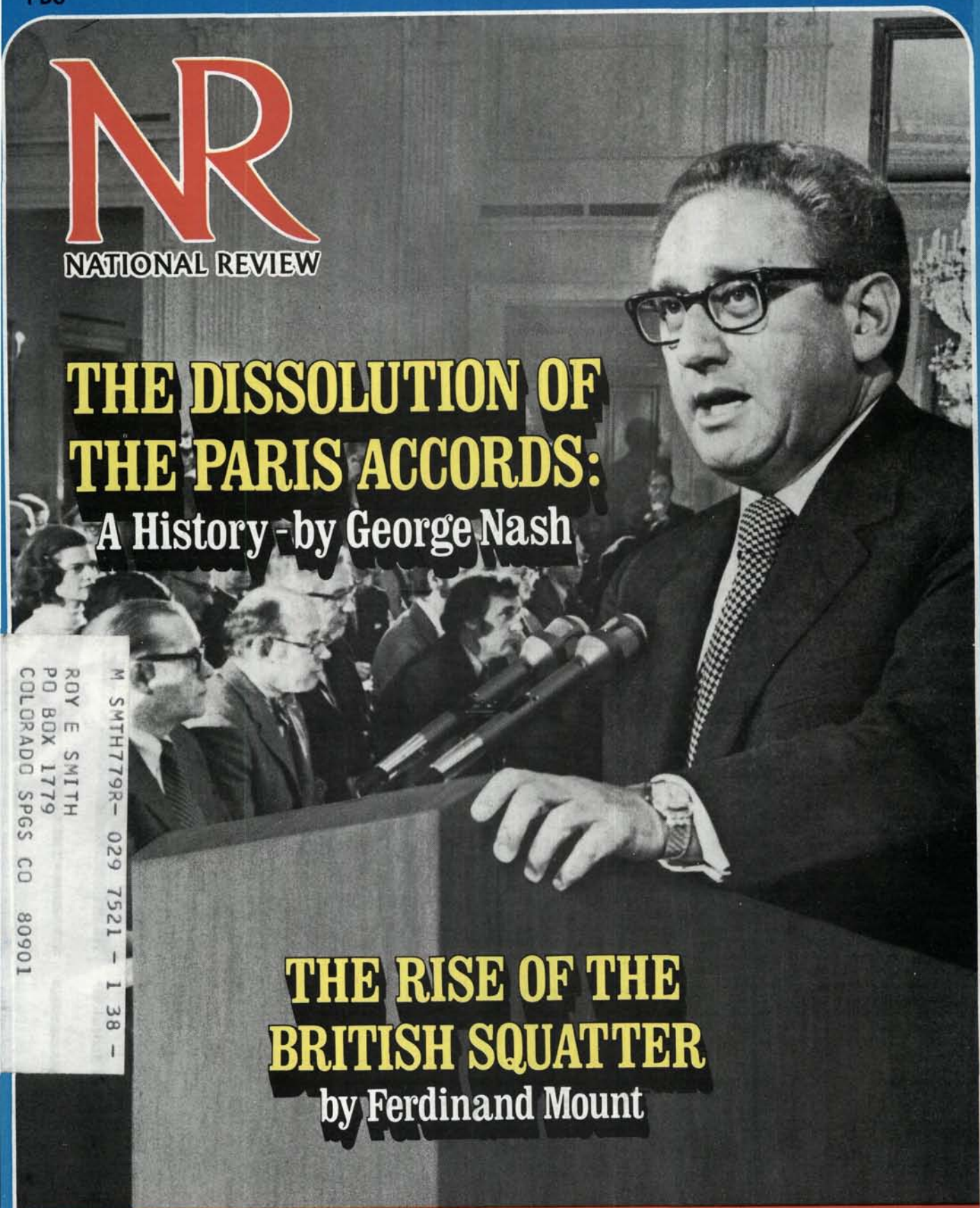
NATIONAL REVIEW



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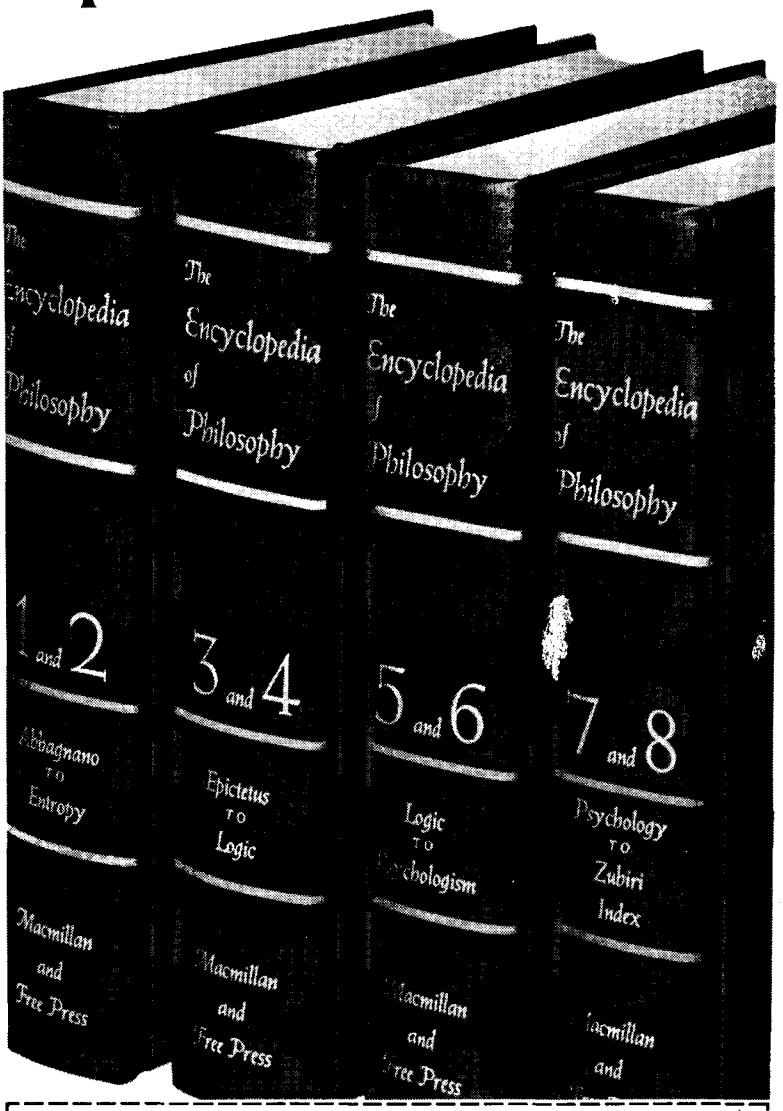

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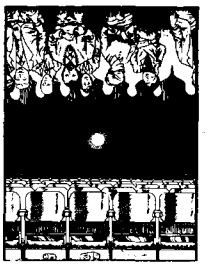

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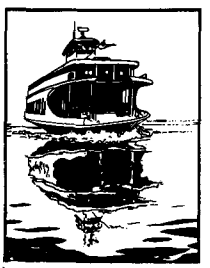

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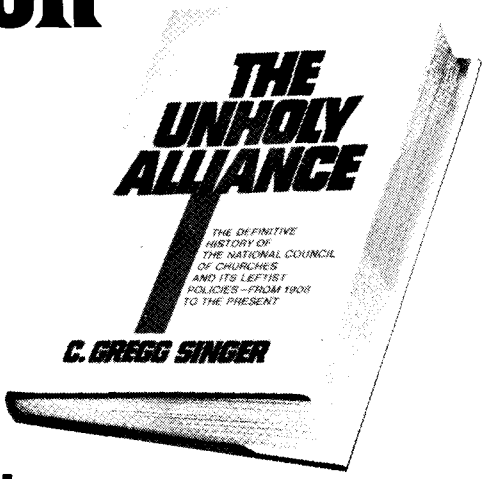
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Letters

Chile as Vietnam

No one who read Robert Moss's superb piece on Chile ["The Tribulation of Chile," Oct. 10] had reason to be surprised at the world's—and most of the U.S. columnists' —reaction to the execution of the five cop-killers in Spain. We should want Spain and Chile as allies—but why should they want us? Chile's story has a Vietnamese ring to it and the ring, as if from a belfry, proclaims to the world, Woe unto those who cherish the Americans and their way of life. Woe is certainly what they get—and not from our CIA but from ourselves. Read, fools, and learn.

Greenwich, Conn. FRANCIS SEWELL

Chileans read Robert Moss's article on our country with great interest. In particular, we appreciate his understanding of our dismay at the success of the international Communist campaign against us, particularly in the United States.

But there are several items in Mr. Moss's article that should be further elaborated.

1. He gives considerable attention to the alleged disappearance of 119 *Ministas*. A number of *Ministas* left Chile after the fall of Allende, to continue to carry out terrorist activities in Argentina, Colombia, Nicaragua, and other Latin American countries. The ranks of the MIR—prior to, during, and after Allende—include many non-Chileans. They interchange their names, their papers, and even their nationalities to suit their objectives. In spite of their central discipline, they have fought among themselves on many occasions. According to international press reports, some of the "119" were killed in such a pitched battle in Argentina. Still others, according to their families, are alive and well and living abroad. In September 1975, the Argentine press reported that 27 Chilean *Ministas* were taken prisoner in that country because of terrorist activities there. The well-planned international Communist propaganda effort to utilize the "119" as "martyrs" is merely an effort to blind the world to their continuing campaign of terrorism in Latin America and to embarrass my country.

2. Mr. Moss's remarks on the alleged campaign against the Christian Democratic Party of Chile also need some clarification. There has been a growing repugnance among the Chilean people to all political parties, from left to right, because they place a large part of the blame for the rise of Allende on the endless political bickering and self-interest of these parties. However, members of the Christian Democratic Party presently hold high positions in all government agencies, in state-owned enterprises, and in all Chilean labor, educational, and professional organizations along with members of the National and Radical Parties. Our government and people respect all political philosophies so long as their adherents do not engage in action that presents any immediate danger to the security of Chile, i.e., active political ties and association with Marxist activists and terrorists.

During the current State of Siege, a period of transition and rebuilding, Chile allows no active political parties. However, individuals can think as they wish. For Mr. Moss to state that there is a specific campaign against the Christian Democrats is incorrect.

3. Mr. Moss speaks of "the dangers of a situation in which the jurisdiction of civil courts extends only to common criminals." When Allende was overthrown there *were* arrests under the State of Siege, Article 74 of Chile's Military Code. Undoubtedly, there were some errors and some excesses.

However, the situation has changed since Mr. Moss's visit to Chile.

On September 11, 1975 President Pinochet relaxed the State of Siege in several areas. Any individual tried and convicted before a Military Tribunal can now appeal first to a higher Martial Court (with civilian judges now integrated with the military) and, ultimately, to the fully civilian and independent Supreme Court. Thus, every citizen may seek redress of all judicial grievances and has the right of habeas corpus, i.e., no Chilean citizen can be held by any police authority for more than 72 hours without proper legal representation.

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4. Regarding "political prisoners": as of this writing, there are no more than 500 individuals held for "political" offenses, which mean overt terrorist activities or participation in covert planning to institute such terrorist activities. Mr. Moss's figure of 5,000 is incorrect.

5. Finally, Mr. Moss offers some six "scenarios" for the future of Chile. My country can no longer afford to indulge in a political system peculiar to the United States. Instead, we are trying to organize a uniquely Chilean political system that will be governed by a central authority, but under the rule of law, so as to ensure the national interest and security and the freedom and tranquillity of all our people. If we are successful, we hope to set an example for countries throughout the world that have sought to copy foreign systems of government which have no application or meaning to their own needs.

New York, N.Y. MARIO ARNELLO
Chilean Delegation to the
United Nations

Correction

Gremlins at Hillsdale? The gentleman's name is Fred Glahe ["Microeconomics, Macrofellowship," Sept. 26]. And Dr. Kemp's point, after Hayek, was that all social theory must begin with the awareness that we are unavoidably ignorant of the consequences of our actions.

Shelbyville, Ind. TIM WHEELER

Panama Payoff

Robert S. Strother's article "The Panama Question: An Alternative to U.S. Defeatism" [Sept. 12] caught me with my brain somewhat laundered (like most Americans) on the Panama situation. Unbelievingly, I hit the local *Bibliothek* and *Britannica*. Strother was so right, but a bit kind to the Canal surrenderers. Our $1.9-million payment to make up for revenues Panama might have earned from the railroad ignores the fact that the railroad, built by Americans with Yankee drive, ingenuity, and money, was primarily intended to facilitate construction of the Canal, not commerce. That $1.9 million is looking more and more like liberal conscience money.

The railroad, as far as I can see, is still ours unless Mr. K. has passed it under the table.

Yuma, Ariz. RICHARD HURLBUT

Though basically I have no quarrel with Robert Strother's presentation of the Panama question, I feel that he shouldn't omit the following details.

After the Panama railroad was completed by W. H. Aspinwall in 1855, the question of a canal across the isthmus became paramount. When the Colombian senate refused to ratify an agreement pertaining to the construction, an insurrection was provoked by interested parties, the Americans being the most prominent. Invoking the treaty of 1846, the U.S.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) William A. Rusher, Publisher

sent an American warship to Panama whose presence prevented Colombian troops from quelling the outbreak.

In 1956, the efforts of Britain and France to repossess the Suez Canal confiscated by Egypt were thwarted by UN intervention, which the U.S. wholeheartedly supported. It would be safe to say that the Suez incident gave Torrijos his precedent.

A problem of survival for a great nation may sometimes cause not only inconvenience to a smaller one, but tragic consequences for everyone later on.

BORYS KORCYN-ZUKOWSKI
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirmione

The July 4 issue of 'most-always-pleasing NATIONAL REVIEW gave me a rare thrill, in William A. Rusher's "Arts and Manners" article on Sirmione. For most of a lifetime I have loved a brief poem by Tennyson which pays eloquent tribute to this particular spot. The poem is not only lovely, but remarkable in that all nine lines end in the same vowel sound:

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they rowed, and there we landed—
"O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me through all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" *of the Poet's hopeless woe,*
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
"Frater, Ave atque Vale"—*as we wandered to and fro*
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus' all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio.

Waco, Tex. ROGER N. CONGER

Snapdragons at Trinity

Cardinal Newman does not, as Edwin M. Yoder Jr. states in "An Upbeat Appraisal" [August 15], remember *geraniums* at Trinity College at the end of his *Apologia pro vita sua*. He remembers *snapdragons*, and he does so at the end of chapter IV, "History of My Religious Opinions from 1841 to 1845." The relevant passage reads: "Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University." With that Newman departed, not to return for 32 years, and then only for a visit. The question is: are there still snapdragons on Trinity's walls?

Encino, Calif. G. B. TENNYSON

Because of a recent move, my copy of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* is packed up and not at hand, but I have no doubt that Mr. Tennyson is right. Indeed, the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* confirms it. I plead guilty to horticultural confusion.

As for Mr. Tennyson's concluding question, I'm afraid I can't help. When last I looked, which was many years ago, Trinity was ablaze with flowers; but whether they were snapdragons on the walls or geraniums in window-boxes, or both, I can't say. Mr. Tennyson should write to the Master of Trinity; I cannot imagine that he would delay his answer to an inquirer bearing the name of the first student of flowers in crannied walls.

Washington, D.C. EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Image's Image

Your "Random Notes" [August 29] says: "Image, premier Catholic paperback line, carries on, but its bestsellers all date from the Fifties."

In this, its 21st year, Image Books still strives to uphold its original concept of holding a mirror up to man through a carefully planned and selective publishing program. And we are proud that many of the titles published within the past few years have been enjoying tremendous sales —not too unlike such favorites as *Peace of Soul*, *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, and *Vipers' Tangle* in Image's early years.

Represented on the Image list today are a variety of successful and popular authors—Andrew Greeley, Eugene Kennedy, Martin Marty, John L. McKenzie, Joseph and Lois Bird, and Frederick Copleston, to name just a few. The latter's *History of Philosophy*, for example, boasts cumulative sales of almost 1.5 million copies in Image Books. And the Image edition of *The Freedom of Sexual Love* by Joseph and Lois Bird has rung up a cumulative sales figure of 108,000-plus copies since its publication in the fall of 1970. The Image edition of *The New Testament of the Jerusalem Bible*, published in 1969, tops *all* records (past or present) at 703,000 copies.

Another interesting note: of the first eight titles published in Image Books in 1954, five are still in print and they are selling as well in the Seventies as they indeed were in the Fifties. And that, I hasten to add, is no "chuckle rising from the tomb of Pius XII" . . . and no "sob," either. I'd rather think of it as the first blossom of what Pope Paul has called "a second spring" in the life of the Church in this country.

New York, N.Y. PATRICIA KOSSMANN
Associate Editor
Image Books

Rising above Principle

Ernest van den Haag is essentially correct in ascribing to H. L. Mencken the dictum that "In politics it is often necessary to rise above principle" ["The Libertarian Argument," July 4]. During a lecture before the Institute of Arts and Sciences, Columbia University, on January 4, 1940, Mencken recounted the experiences

(Continues on page 1191)

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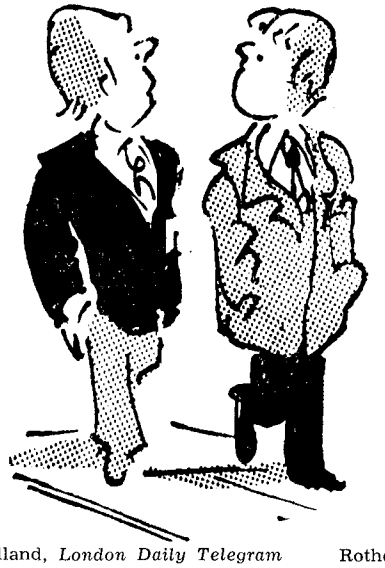
FOR THE RECORD

■ The Democratic scenario next year as National Chairman **Robert Strauss** sees it: The early primaries will knock out all but five or six of the Democratic aspirants; by convention time only two or three will have enough strength seriously to contest the presidential nomination. This means, says Strauss, that it won't be a stalemated convention: he doesn't see **Humphrey**, **Kennedy**, or **Muskie** as the winner. . . . Other juicy tidbits from Chairman Strauss: 1) He was "shocked" to see how well **George Wallace** looked recently. 2) President **Ford** is talking about **Rockefeller** these days "the same way **FDR** did about **Henry Wallace**" before FDR dropped Wallace from the ticket in '44. . . . The scenario as **Big Labor** saw it at the AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco. "We think it will go to three or four ballots. Things will be confused and then the convention will almost inevitably turn to Humphrey," said a **Meany** aide. . . . Other AFL-CIO leaders say Labor will support any Democratic candidate (except Wallace or **McGovern**) next year because Labor "needs the Supreme Court and Ford will turn it into a 1920s court if we give him until 1980." . . . A *Christian Science Monitor* team, sounding out Democratic preferences in the Midwest, finds that only George Wallace is well known there; **Jackson** comes next among the candidates, and **Birch Bayh** is a poor third. . . . Wallace is now expected to announce the second week of November; his first major address will be in **busing-torn Boston**.

■ *New York Times* reports one presidential aide as saying that "if **Reagan** wins both [New Hampshire and Florida] primaries or comes very close then he's viable into the convention. If we beat him in both, then it's over for him." . . . **F. Clifton White** is quoted as saying that Ford could lose both earlier primaries (N.H. and Mass.) and still stay in the race because of the "power and substance of the Presidency itself." . . . **YAF**, incidentally, has now given its official backing to Reagan, according to newly elected chairman **Jeffrey Kane**. . . . And there are reports that Ambassador (to London) **Elliot Richardson**, a victim of the Saturday Night Massacre, may take a leave of absence next year to come home and campaign for Gerald Ford. . . . **Barry Goldwater** will be commenting on the Democratic convention in NYC next July for ABC, and George McGovern will do the same for the Republicans in Kansas City. (The idea originally was to have the 1972 candidates perform, but, as the delicately worded story goes, "Mr. **Nixon**, the Republican nominee in 1972 . . . was assumed to be unavailable and never got an approach.")



Holland, *London Daily Telegram* Rothco

"It's a school rule—never cross a staff picket line."

■ Want to know what's going on on the **Left**, just watch the little space-filler boxes the **Communist Party** publishes in its *Daily World*. A culling from the past two weeks: "CIA OUT OF PORTUGAL"; "EXPEL SOUTH AFRICA FROM THE UN"; "HANDS OFF CHILE (END U.S. MILITARY-ECONOMIC AID) EL PUEBLO VENCERA"; "CLOSE U.S. BASES IN SPAIN"; "NATIONALIZE ENERGY MONOPOLIES"; "U.S. HANDS OFF! PORTUGAL"; and an enigmatic "HANDS OFF WORKERS (WITHOUT DOCUMENTS)." Also available, a coupon from the Committee for a Just Peace in the Middle East that readers opposed to the **Sinai Accords** can cut out, sign, and send in. . . . A *Penthouse* news release on a copyrighted interview with **Mrs. Salvador Allende** in the current issue reports that "she does not blame the American people for her husband's murder" (which is big considering that Allende shot himself with a gun **Fidel** had given him). . . . If Castro wants to improve his position with the U.S. he's not going at it the best way. Cuba, he said in a recent Havana speech, will not give up its support of the **Puerto Rican Independence** movement for the sake of improved relations with the U.S. . . . Virtually no publicity has been given to a Senate conference on the fate of political prisoners in Cuba which was, said one senator, "a recitation of **Gulag Archipelago West**." There are an estimated 40,000 political prisoners in over a hundred prisons in Cuba, according to the families and friends of the prisoners. They are systematically beaten, starved, and tortured. One witness described the conditions of political prisoners in Cuba as "the worst in the world."

■ Los Angeles will, after all, be allowed to ban **topless bathing** in its beaches and parks next year, a perspicacious court having ruled that "nature, not the legislative body, created the distinction between that portion of a woman's body and that of a man's" and adding that there is no discrimination "when all persons similarly circumstanced are treated alike."

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THE WEEK

■ The U.S. Government, generally referred to nowadays as *the* government, wants to deport John Lennon. But Yoko Ono, Mrs. Lennon, is pregnant, so the Feds have stopped proceedings until the baby arrives. Lennon is hugely relieved, comparing the threat of expulsion to an impending "guillotine." That implies quite a compliment to this fair land, and we wish him well, though we can't forbear adding that he wouldn't be in this mess if he smoked Winstons. As for his admirers, we hope they will draw the appropriate lesson: of all the forms of American repression that John Lennon writes about, the cruelest is deportation.

■ We now have ourselves an activist Vice President, which is to say, one who defends the President against members of the Cabinet. His own view, Nelson Rockefeller told the *Christian Science Monitor*, is "that when the President makes a decision, you either support it, or if you don't agree with it and feel strongly, you resign. . . . But to go out and poor-mouth what your boss has decided is not serving him well nor is it serving yourself well . . ."—an obvious reference to William Simon and Alan Greenspan, who vociferously oppose the President's $100-billion government energy plan. This Administration is so open that its officials are free to attack their boss, and each other *for* attacking him, without restraint or rebuke. Meanwhile, Jack Ford proclaimed that he had smoked marijuana, and Mr. Ford, notwithstanding his stated opposition to repealing federal criminal law against that act, said merely, "I can disagree with what some of our children do, but as long as they are honest and give us an opportunity to express our views, I don't think I should go any farther." A true republican: *primus inter pares* within family and regime alike.

■ Because 12 New York City-based giant corporations have agreed to buy $20-million worth of Big MAC bonds, NATIONAL REVIEW feels obliged to give its reasons for abstaining. The emphasis on getting the big boys to invest in the bonds underlines the point that the securities are of the kind that should be bought only by people who can afford to lose their investment. That leads to the further point that since those buying the bonds are not stressing security, they must be stressing something else. We suspect it is self-ingratiation with the City fathers and other well-placed administrators—in a way, not unlike recently publicized payments by corporations to foreign governments. It has, however, *always* been NATIONAL REVIEW's policy to refrain from buying tickets to politicians' balls. But we wish the corporations and their friends a happy celebration and suggest that they try to make it home before midnight.

■ Not long ago, the mayor of New York City, in his infinite wisdom, figured that he could raise another $75 million by taxing the stuffing out of Wall Street brokers. So, the City raised stock transfer taxes by 25 per cent in August, and imposed a new tax on buyers and sellers of bonds. In September, a huge brokerage firm, Weeden & Company, began moving its offices to New Jersey, saving about a million dollars a year in taxes. Weeden's new landlord in Jersey City says he is negotiating with six other brokerage firms who are trying to escape the New York City tax. That's only one landlord, and only one month. Ever wonder how many months it would take to create the New Jersey Stock Exchange?

■ The Darden Research Corporation has released a poll that will send shivers through the Wallace campaign team. The poll showed that Ford would beat Wallace 51.6 per cent to 40.8 per cent. When matched against Reagan, Wallace would again finish second, 49.2 per cent to 40.3 per cent. What makes the poll so startling is that it was taken in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee, formerly known as Wallace territory.

■ Exercising his 39th veto, President Ford made Congress take full responsibility and blame for the school lunch bill, a piece of pure, government-inspected, Grade A pork barrel legislation. Congress overrode the veto with little difficulty; even a number of Republicans opposed the President, including the Minority Leaders of the House and the Senate. Ford was willing to accept some kind of bill, but the one passed by Congress provided $1.2 billion more than he thought necessary. Representative Shirley Chisholm's comments illustrate the problem: she argued for the bill on behalf of "the health and welfare of American children who need it most." But Ford too was in favor of a program for those who "need it most." The legislation, however, brings millions who don't need it under the welfare tent—which is why Ford vetoed it.

■ The FCC has reversed its 1964 interpretation of the equal-time law. Broadcasters will no longer be required to give equal time to rival candidates after news conferences and political debates. The Commission justified the reversal on the grounds that it will allow "broadcasters to make a fuller and more effective contribution to an informed electorate." Sound familiar? It should—the original ruling had the same rationale.

■ Since 1971 the Ripon Society, the GOP's answer to McGovernism, has been challenging the legality of the GOP's "victory bonus" method of delegate selection, saying that it discriminates against certain (liberal) states. On September 30, the U.S. Court of Appeals in

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Labor leaders believe that in next year's elections, with the Watergate revulsion against the GOP fading, most freshman Democratic congressmen will be vulnerable to defeat. The AFL-CIO Executive Council says: "Millions of conservatives who didn't vote in 1974 out of disgust can be expected to resume their normal voting patterns." The Executive Council is asking each of the 14.1 million AFL-CIO members to contribute $2, plus $2 for each family member. The money will go to COPE—the Committee on Political Education, the political action arm of organized labor.

■ How's this for a question to take the wind out of a politician's sails? At the press conference called to announce his presidential candidacy, Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp was asked whether he is running for President or just for the job of Secretary of Transportation in the next Democratic Administration. If Shapp has the support of most of the 178 Pennsylvania delegates at the 1976 convention, plus a few more, he will be in a position to strike a deal with some stronger candidate—if there is a brokered convention.

■ Everything is up to date in Kansas City (host of next year's GOP convention) except the supply of hotel rooms. About 16,000 will be needed. At least 2,500 of them will be at least an hour's drive away from the convention hall. Some will be sixty miles away, in Topeka. Says a member of the committee that picked Kansas City: this is "not an ideal situation."

■ Serious crime, nationwide, increased 13 per cent during the first six months of 1975. But in case you think that's bad, bear in mind that serious crime rose 16 per cent in the first six months of 1974.

■ Jules Witcover is not only a member in good standing of the *Washington Post*'s stable of thoroughbred political reporters. He also is a TWIT—a Teddy White In Training. Mr. White evidently is not going to do another *Making of the President* book. Mr. Witcover is: he already has written a gob of it, and hopes to have a complete report on the campaign ready for his publisher (Viking) early next year. Mr. Witcover has been lurking around New Hampshire listening to the voice of the people, and what he has heard is hilarious. One woman explained her enthusiasm for Indiana Senator Birch Bayh. She said she is "into sensory awareness and body English" and Bayh "looked me right in the eye and seemed to be listening."

■ Off we go, into the wild foggy yonder. The following is from an Air Force document describing an aspect of the recruiting program: "The investment contemplated in the sequel is the basic development effort that must be made in an attempt to effect significant selective production capabilities and productivity increases in the recruiting program. The work to be accomplished is the ultimate design and prototype development of a recruiting management information system that will 1) identify and provide collection methods for data relevant to recruiting operations; 2) develop techniques of compressing the data into information structures that will allow recruiting managers to bring their recruiting goals more closely in consonance with operational accession requirements and to better allocate recruiting resources to achieve these goals; 3) designate feedback linkages to provide managers with measures of effectiveness of recruiting resource allocations. Additionally, it is important that the designed system should have consistent interfaces, where necessary, with the complex of computer-based personnel management information systems that have evolved in the Air Force over the last decade."

■ Now *that's* how to run a railroad. The bankrupt Penn Central is trying to sue the Federal Government. The railroad says it is losing $1 million a day (80 per cent more than it lost last year) because of a federal order that forbids liquidating the railroad.

—CATO

Washington, D.C. upheld the GOP. Speaking for the majority, Judge Harold McGowan said courts should be "slow to interfere with the internal processes of political parties. . . . It is the essence of the First Amendment rights which the parties exercise that they make their own contrary judgments without interference from the courts." Score one for the courts.

■ The obduracy of Justice William O. Douglas raises the question of whether Supreme Court sessions should begin with the cry of *oyez*, or the playing of reveille. Increasingly alarming reports of his appearance and behavior filter through the expressions of discreet dismay, and a *New York Times* story has it that he recently fell asleep while the Court was hearing arguments. ". . . His chin sank to his chest and he sat immobile for more than ten minutes. The arguments were less than electric [at this point we paused in our reading to search for a constitutional specification as to whether the Justices are required to attend to dull cases with all their faculties: but snoozing appears to be non-impeachable] and as the minutes ticked by, it seemed increasingly likely that Justice Douglas was dozing. Finally, a court messenger kneeled beside him with a slip of paper. The Justice did not respond immediately. Then he turned his head, slowly surveying the courtroom before looking at the message." Either he retires, or they're going to have to invent a pacemaker with an alarm.

■ The impossible finally happened. The American Ambassador to the United Nations called Uganda's President Idi Amin a "racist murderer"—adroitly borrowing the description from a *New York Times* editorial, and thereby insulating himself against the high-minded. Ever since Moynihan's article in *Commentary* a few months ago in which he stated the need for candor at the UN, it seemed inevitable that he would be the one to break the silence. Such candor may never again have the same shock value, but it ought now to be possible with some regularity to identify publicly the tyrants, dictators, and mass murderers who parade around the UN fully dressed in their native garbs of hypocrisy, slander, and deceit.

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The big day will come when the language of direct address is used not only against opéra bouffe racist murderers, but also against the racist murderers who have atom bombs.

■ Trample freedom of speech, press, religion, OK. But this time Indira Gandhi has gone too far. India now faces Prohibition, as announced on the anniversary of the birth of the late Mahatma Gandhi, an ardent teetotaler. Clearly the move is designed to prevent Indians from buying a quart of this or that wherewith to forget they are ruled by Indira Gandhi, and if that isn't cause for civil war, we'll eat Crow (Old).

■ Having brought peace to Cambodia, South Vietnam, and Laos, Communist guerrillas in Southeast Asia are moving on to the next domino, Malaysia. The country has been tranquil and, by Asian standards, prosperous; toward the end of August, it celebrated its 18th year of independence. A few days before the celebration, Communists dynamited a million-dollar independence memorial in Kuala Lumpur and, a week later, lobbed grenades into a police compound, killing two policemen and wounding 51 others. Brace yourself for the stories about how the corrupt Malaysian government oppresses its people.

■ The current agreement under which the United States uses military bases in Spain expired on September 25, and negotiations for renewal, which have been going on since last November, are complicated by a number of factors. In return for U.S. use of the bases, Spain would like a formal defense treaty either with the United States or with NATO. But the Benelux countries have memories long enough to overshadow their present needs; they have never forgiven Spain's Franco for accepting Nazi and Italian collaboration during the Civil War, and therefore oppose Spain's entry into NATO. And the Administration, reluctant to take on any further foreign commitments after the debacle in Vietnam, also opposes —at least in Congress—a formal defense treaty with Spain. The non-inclusion of Spain in NATO, however, represents an anachronism of a glaring order, as the Iberian peninsula moves once again to the strategic forefront (see "Letter from Mallorca," October 10).

■ Before all this talk about deregulation and decontrol gets out of hand, keep in mind that the Federales are doing a real good job with a mighty skimpy budget of only a few hundred billion dollars. For instance, the FDA, sometimes criticized for not allowing new drugs on the market, has allowed 15,302 persons to be injected with chymopapain, a nonsurgical treatment for damaged spinal discs. Even if few of the patients were cured, few of them died. Papain, an enzyme extracted from the papaya, is widely sold in groceries as a meat tenderizer. Or take the Department of HEW. How can they expect to catch every case of fraud with only 23 investigators to check through their $118.4-billion budget? The FTC hasn't managed to exorcise from TV those dare-devil motorcycle ads and war toy ads and tumbling beach pyramid ads, but they did stop Euell Gibbons from eating Grape Nuts just in case some kid is tempted to eat a juniper hedge. The Social Security Administration has done wonders in relieving the heavy backlog of disability cases in Puerto Rico by shipping lots of its administrative judges down there in the winter tourist season. And congratulations to all government agencies concerned for holding federal public relations spending down to $385 million last year, despite the obvious need for more PR for the great work being done in Washington, D.C.

■ THE WILLS WATCH: Anyone can get a PhD or two, but it takes a real polymath to master a discipline in time to have the last word on it in the next morning's syndicated column. That's Garry. Having conquered the classics, theology, political science, Jefferson, Dr. Johnson, and human genetics, he last month took to economics, and concluded within hours that there is *too* a free lunch. Then, applying the Berrigan demand curve to the new Russian grain deal, he reasoned, "We can drive food prices down by making grain hard to give away at home, since we have cut off foreign demand. But that brings no money in. What we gain in low food prices we pay for several times in balance of trade and general worth of the dollar [vis-à-vis the ruble, that is]." See graph, Appendix D.

■ NEW AT THE ZOO DEP'T. The Portland (Ore.) zoo is converting an automatic car wash to give its elephants warm showers. The Chinese have sent a pair of pandas named Pei Pei and Ying Ying to the Mexico City zoo, with love from Mao Mao. At the Giza zoo in Cairo, Egypt, three young male counterculture monkeys were being ostracized and mauled by the other monkeys until the zoo-keeper caught on and gave them a haircut; then they were accepted. In Washington, the SEC last week

Reagan Worries

Bo Callaway is nervous,
And Rummy's got the jumps.
They tell me Laird is running scared,
Anticipating bumps.
The San Diego ladies
Are champing at their bits.
To *hint* of him turns Rocky grim,
While Bella merely spits.
He's comin' 'round the mountain;
He's got a head of steam.
And as he climbs, the *New York Times*
Insists he's too extreme.

W. H. VON DREELE

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made public its 13,000-page, 15-foot-high reply to a congressional questionnaire. Three wolves escaped from the zoo at Pecs, Hungary, when their drunken keeper left the door open. Two were recaptured while frolicking with dogs and kids in the neighborhood.

■ *That's* the Spirit? As "one little step in the overall Bicentennial program," the city of Lansing, Michigan has purchased 116 "Bicentennial" parking meters decorated with stars and stripes, at a cost of only $986 more than the regular model.

■ If you do not find go-go dancing on nuclear subs amusing, you may find it amusing that Miss Shirley MacLaine has been thinking about sex ever since she got back from China, or rather about the fact that the Chinese do not think about sex, or rather that the Chinese claim they do not, and hence claim to be amused at Americans thinking about sex, and if a Chinese lass is romantically inclined, Miss MacLaine says, "the first thing she finds out about is his political ideology," which is why it is a good thing for American sailors to have Cat Futch to think about and not Shirley MacLaine when they sail off to defend us against the Chinese.

■ When a Massachusetts court decided to reinstate Alger Hiss to the bar, it was explained that the action was taken because Hiss had all along maintained his innocence of the charges on which he was convicted and sent to jail. When a New York court refused to permit Richard Nixon to resign from the bar it was explained that it was because Richard Nixon had not admitted his guilt in the Watergate affair, a case for which he was never tried, convicted, or sent to jail.

■ Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that colonialism and imperialism are wrong?

Rocky in the Hen Coop

Accustomed as the fellow is
To blowing money which ain't his,
The Veep's proposed a spending spree
To maximize our energy.
The kitty's *big*. (What else is new?)
There's no provision for review.
So, folks, before it gets too late,
Please check with us in New York State.

W. H. VON DREELE

Another Tax Cut

President Ford has proposed a permanent $28-billion tax cut, with matching cuts in spending. As with all such plans for "fiscal stimulus," the usefulness of the proposal depends on just where and when the economy is most apt to bump into trouble. A year or so ago, when the immediate problem was selling excess inventories of consumer goods, there might have been some justification for a plan to increase consumer spending at the expense of greater federal borrowing. By the time next year's policies take effect, however, the main threat to growth will clearly be not the consumers' reluctance to spend their income, but the increasing difficulty of borrowing. Treasury borrowing at the rate of $1.5 billion per week has already been making it harder and harder for other prospective borrowers to compete for funds at bearable interest rates. The flow of savings into thrift institutions has dried up, many planned issues of corporate bonds have been withdrawn, states and localities are having a rough time coming up with notes and bonds that are more attractive than those offered by the U.S. Treasury.

The political exploitation of economic ignorance has gone so far that some economists now argue, quite seriously, that if there isn't enough money to go around, then the solution is simply to print more. Others talk as if financing government through borrowing or inflation, rather than through taxes, somehow makes that government spending "free," and even a net addition to the private economy. In this environment, the President's proposal seems like a paragon of honesty and good sense.

The idea of a matched cut in taxes and spending is a reasonable compromise between those who want to cut just taxes and those who want to cut just spending. Making it permanent is the only way to affect long-term production plans. Tax cuts would leave businesses and individuals with more after-tax income, thus increasing their incentive to produce and, by reducing the need for credit, helping to keep interest rates down. Spending cuts limit the Treasury's tendency to crowd out prospective private and municipal borrowers, and to siphon funds out of mortgage-lending institutions. The combination is bound to be healthy. After all, a reduction in the public sector's claims against real productive resources will obviously give the private sector more room to grow. All in all, it is a reasonable and intelligent proposal—which means that the McGovern Congress will probably have difficulty understanding it, let alone acting on it.

New York Albatross

New York City is now rapidly becoming a symbolic as well as a substantive issue in the 1976 election. The substantive issue may be succinctly stated: Should the Federal Government rescue the City from default? The Ford Administration says no; or, in some formulations, it says no, until the City takes various draconian measures to put itself on a sound fiscal basis. The Democrats say

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yes, the Federal Government—that is, everyone living outside New York City—should in some way pick up the tab (Jimmy Carter, notably, dissents). As if to emphasize the point, the Democrats in the summer of 1976 plan to hold their convention at ground zero itself.

But New York City is not only an issue involving ledgers, bonds, bankers, and bookkeepers. Across the nation it probably ranks second only to Washington, D.C. in universal loathing, though a few votes might also be cast for Berkeley, California. New York, of course, represents welfare liberalism gone wild. In addition, it is the media capital of the nation at a time when the media are held in wide contempt. It has a polyglot population of, often, alien manners and mores. Its elite circles embody the new chic morality, and their relation to the rest of the nation is one of mutual detestation. The rest of the nation does not even like New York's pop stars. Times Square is a place, certainly, but it is also a metaphor for total and irretrievable depravity. The UN is in New York. Among New York's cultural exports, whether moral attitudes, political ideas, fashion in taste, or personalities, most people perceive very little that is good and much that is deplorable.

Ironically enough, the Ford Administration, though in most ways distancing itself from this carrier of infection, appears to have become entangled with it, almost inadvertently, in one major regard. Though apparently with divided internal councils, the Administration has opted for Nelson Rockefeller's $100-billion energy finance plan. This is hardly the psychological moment for any such proposal. Stylistically, the plan is pure Rockefeller, at one with the insolvent multibillion-dollar Urban Development Corporation, the Pharaonic Albany Mall, and the lagging World Trade Center. After spending billions on such projects while governor of New York, Rockefeller, now in Washington, wants to spends hundreds of billions on another one. Even if his energy scheme were sound it would be looked upon with universal skepticism, and both it and Rockefeller's record as governor are certain to be campaign issues in 1976, if Rockefeller stays on the ticket. The Republicans may meet in Kansas City next summer, but Ford has managed to tie the tin can of New York to the tail of the Party after all.

Building the 1977 Inflation

As the presidential election year approaches, economic commentary by the major media has again become unbearably partisan and irresponsible. A standard editorial theme is that it would be a simple matter to bring unemployment down quickly, without contributing to inflation, were it not for some archaic ideological hang-ups preventing the required action. Thus, the *New York Times* castigates the Ford Administration for "hyperconservative economic policies" and "do-nothing ideological baggage." It is as if the editorials of 1971 had simply been reprinted, with no recognition of what had happened in the intervening years. Such inability to learn from experience is based on a firm refusal to confront

"If hard-sell doesn't move them, we'll have to consider a mandatory program."

three fundamental truths, which are about as well established as any propositions in economics:

1. A fiscal or monetary "stimulus" affects production only with a lag of at least one year, and with a subsequent upward push on prices. This means that additional expansionary policies implemented in the coming year will have little or no effect on unemployment by election time, but they will virtually guarantee a resurgence of virulent inflation in 1977 or 1978.

2. A rapid increase in the supply of money soon causes lenders and borrowers to expect, quite reasonably, that inflation will accelerate, so a premium is added to interest rates to compensate for the expected shrinkage of the dollar's purchasing power. This means that *Time* magazine's economists are advocating a literally impossible policy when they say the Federal Reserve "should pump out as much money as might be needed to keep interest rates relatively stable."

3. There is, as 1974 should have demonstrated, no lasting trade-off between higher inflation and lower unemployment rates. Today's unemployment is mainly a consequence of yesterday's inflation, and more inflation in 1977 or 1978 will mean more unemployment later.

An unfortunate result of the neglect of these basic elements of reality is a reversion to primitive sorts of economic mysticism. The *New York Times* writes that "tight money is no cure for persistent cost-push inflation because many product and labor markets are anything but models of free competition." But slower growth of the money supply *always* precedes any slowdown in inflation, and the *Times* cannot point to a single example of any policy that has ever restrained inflation in the absence of monetary restraint. The *Times* writes that "there is no assurance that cost-push . . . will not intensify when and if demand strengthens"—which clearly describes a demand-induced inflation, and demonstrates once again the *Times*' notorious confusion on economic

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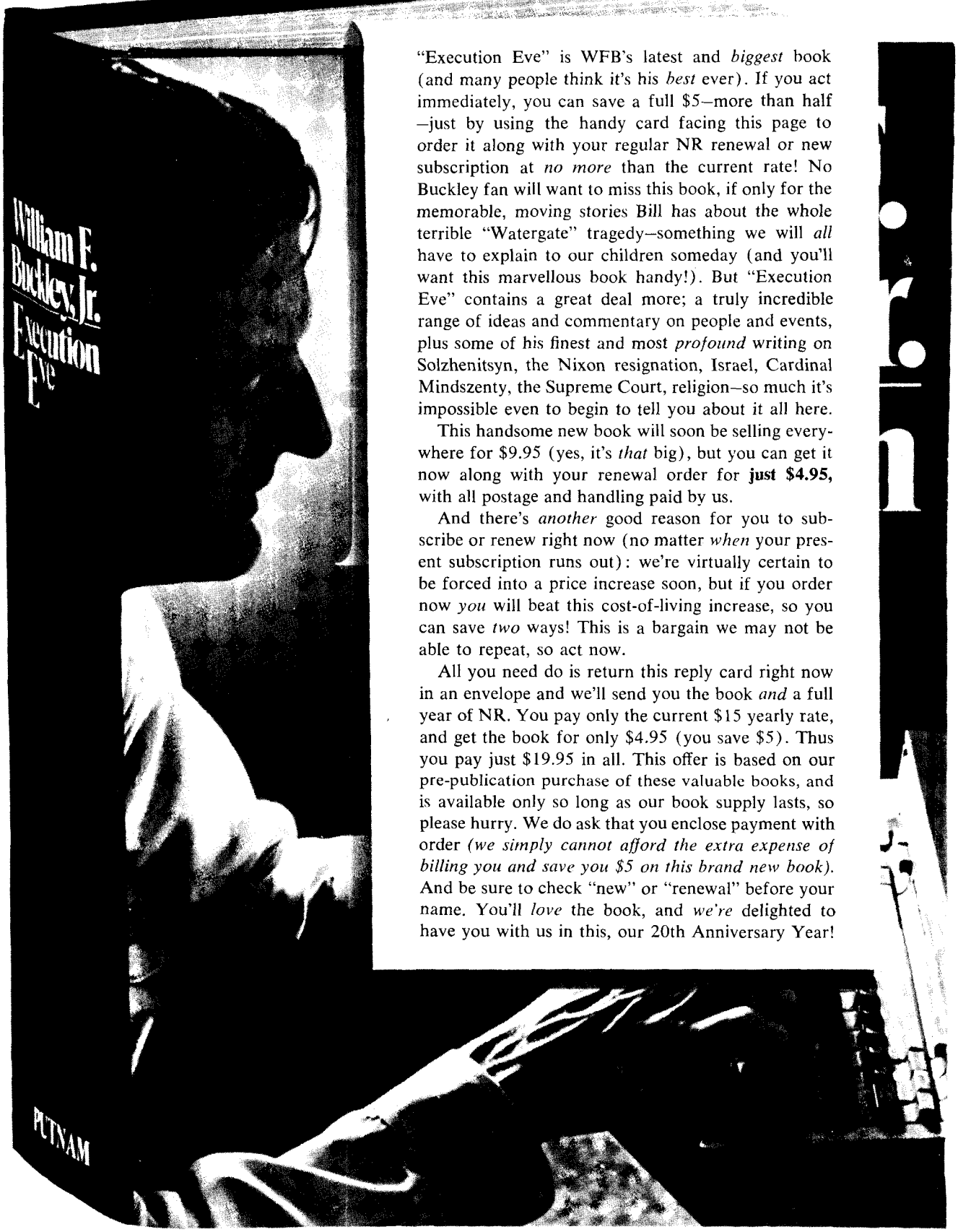

"Execution Eve" is WFB's latest and *biggest* book (and many people think it's his *best* ever). If you act immediately, you can save a full $5—more than half —just by using the handy card facing this page to order it along with your regular NR renewal or new subscription at *no more* than the current rate! No Buckley fan will want to miss this book, if only for the memorable, moving stories Bill has about the whole terrible "Watergate" tragedy—something we will *all* have to explain to our children someday (and you'll want this marvellous book handy!). But "Execution Eve" contains a great deal more; a truly incredible range of ideas and commentary on people and events, plus some of his finest and most *profound* writing on Solzhenitsyn, the Nixon resignation, Israel, Cardinal Mindszenty, the Supreme Court, religion—so much it's impossible even to begin to tell you about it all here.

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issues. Any explanation of prices in terms of "costs" is hopelessly circular, since costs are themselves prices.

The issue of competitiveness is a red herring. Neither logic nor evidence suggests that even the purest imaginable monopoly could survive, much less prosper, by continually raising prices in the face of stagnant demand. You don't get rich by selling less and less each year. A recent American Enterprise Institute study by Steven Lustgarten demonstrates that "prices and unit labor costs have increased more slowly in concentrated industries [industries with few firms] than in other industries." But even if prices had increased relatively more rapidly in some oligopolistic industries, that would not explain a pervasive and persistent rise in the average of *all* prices.

The competitiveness of business has surely not changed much since the early 1960s, so the increase in inflation since then must be due to something else. What *has* changed is federal fiscal and monetary policies. In the four years from 1961 through 1964, federal budget deficits totaled less than $10 billion, and the average annual rate of increase in the money supply was 3.3 per cent. Now, when we face deficits of perhaps twenty times those of the Kennedy years, and double the rate of monetary expansion, the new policies are widely condemned as "miserly," "tight-fisted," and "hyper-conservative." Something strange has happened to the language.

Nobody is even talking, any more, about getting inflation below 6 or 7 per cent. Having established that level as a politically viable floor for inflation, the discussion now centers on how rapidly we should take off from that point toward double digit rates—and, of course, another big recession. Those economists who now assure us that any and all expansionary policies are safe said the same in 1972, so the question arises as to just how many misses it will take to discredit their authority.

The Iron Law

"The [Franco] regime is a throwback to the age of Hitler and Mussolini and, as such, a painful embarrassment to the rest of Europe." Thus *Newsweek*, in its cover story on the uproar surrounding the executions in Spain. Western liberal hypocrisy was at its least abashed for the occasion (see "On the Right," p. 1193), *The New Yorker* serenely remarking that the Europeans were not "selective or capricious" in their reaction, indeed that the United States, which failed to join the protest, "seemed trapped in a political atmosphere as stale and closed in its way as the atmosphere of Franco's Spain." In the true spirit of Helsinki, the Soviet empire joined the democratic West in denouncing Spain, even as it manifested its own liberalization by allowing Boris Spassky, after weeks of headlines, to marry a foreigner.

For free Europe (which *Newsweek* ingenuously calls "Europe") as for much of the American press, the operative principle is clear: what James Burnham identifies as "the iron law of liberalism," namely that the preferred enemy is always to the Right. This is evident even in the specious even-handedness of *Newsweek*'s citing "the terrorist violence and the equally brutal government counterattacks," which assumes that it is immoral —immoral for Franco, at any rate—to use violence defensively against those who use it randomly. *Delendus est Franco.* Spain indeed may face a crisis at his succession; but the absence of a regular principle of transferring power is hardly the proper or actual concern of the Palmes and Wilsons, let alone of the mobs that harassed Spain's embassies. Power exists. Some men will rule others in any event, by terror, by acquiescence, or by positive assent. It is one thing to hand power to an appointed heir. What is demanded of Franco, however, is simply that he abdicate to chaos, a demand effectively made both by those who do not know what chaos means, and by those who do.

Franco Makes the Juices Run

East Germans still patrol their wall.
The KGB's still standing tall.
In China, Mao's still a cult.
In Saigon, Communists exult,
While in New Delhi, journalists
Writhe on Indira's "little lists."
Still, nothing makes progressives hate
Like Franco and his fascist state.

W. H. VON DREELE

A Senator's Nightmare

It was the kind of news story that often turns up three days before the election, filled with innuendos and sly nastinesses, hard to rebut in time—what Drew Pearson used to do to a fare-thee-well. The victim was Senator William L. Scott (R., Va.) last week in the *Washington Star*. The headline, "IT WAS A DIPLOMAT'S NIGHTMARE"; the byline, Lisa Myers . . . Scott was said to have taken a 24-day junket to ten Mideastern countries in August in a "jetliner the size of a Boeing 707 [carrying among other things] four boxes of his favorite breakfast cereal." In fact Senator Scott flew only from Washington to Rome on a government jetliner—with 11 other members of Congress, among others, on an official visit for the Senate Armed Services Committee, of which he is a member. Scott was reported to have remarked to President Sadat, while overlooking the Suez Canal: "This is beautiful. I've always wanted to see the Persian Gulf." In fact Scott met with Sadat—not flying over the Canal, but in a villa at Mersa Matruh, on the Mediterranean, near the Libyan border, several hundred miles from the Suez Canal. An unnamed State Department official was quoted as having said about Scott: "To put it bluntly, it was a diplomat's nightmare. . . . Scott managed to insult almost every

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country." "It will take us two years to repair the damage Scott did in these couple of weeks," said yet another unnamed State Department diplomat, one of the many who refused to give his name because, wrote Miss Myers, "Scott has a reputation for rolling heads."

It is now two months since Scott's return from the trip and there have been no complaints to U.S. embassies in the Middle East by authorities there, and no stories of any Scottian gaucheries published by any of the news services in the area. In short, there is no evidence of this "diplomat's nightmare" other than the words of Miss Myers, who turns out to be not a *Washington Star* staffer but a stringer two years out of journalism school who works for the Bureau of National Affairs, whatever that is. When radio WAVA news reporter Les Kinsolving asked Miss Myers whether she hadn't known that Senator Scott had flown to Rome on a jetliner with other congressmen and then changed to a small prop plane for the rest of the trip, she replied that she knew it, but "didn't think it merited the space." When Kinsolving asked *Star* world editor Jack Cassady about "Miss Myers' desperately dirty smear," Cassady said he stood behind the story and asked, nasty-fashion: "Are you working for Scott's office?"

I'm Leonard—Fly Me

"There has been a tremendous movement away from the idea that pleasure is evil or sex is evil. The only values are the values you create." These were not the words of Squeaky Fromme to a reporter, but of Dr. Michael F. Valente, of Seton Hall University (!), as he tried to sum up enlightened religious and ethical thinking these days for the Air Force discharge board considering whether, and how, to expel Tech Sergeant Leonard P. Matlovich. Sergeant Matlovich is the avowed homosexual whose face appeared on the cover of *Time* a few weeks ago, and he is now a Cause with the gay rights crowd, and all who affirm man's inalienable right to transgress the laws of nature.

Three points must be borne in mind. 1) Homosexuality is an aberration; the ideological battle is over its legitimization as a "valid lifestyle" in American culture. Such legitimacy should be unequivocally denied. 2) Neither homosexuality nor any other involuntary deflection of normal appetite need be an a priori disqualification for a responsible place, humble or exalted, in the social order, so long as the deviant himself defers to ordinary standards of decency and decorum. To Matlovich's credit, he at least says he would not have chosen to be homosexual; but his self-announcement in itself implies a lack of respect for the norm. 3) What is at stake is not only a cultural standard, but also the autonomy of an institution. Matlovich's supporters are trying to bring the military under the discipline of an ideology and its bureaucratic and judicial musclemen; in this they resemble (and probably overlap with) those who want to force American churches to ordain women to the clergy in the name of "civil rights."

The Air Force, says common sense, should decide for itself whether it wants to employ young men who, when they work with other young men, are in effect working with the opposite sex. It may decide unwisely, but at least it should be free to decide for itself, on the basis of its own criteria and perceptions—and this is exactly what the Matlovich party wants to deny.

Defrosted Turkey

After weeks of intensive lobbying by the Administration, Congress lifted its eight-month-long arms embargo on Turkey. But before the Administration breaks out the champagne, it should note that we still have no policy in the eastern Mediterranean, just ad hoc maneuvering; and we won't have a policy until several points have been decided.

1. Turkey is pleased by the vote, but asks, reasonably enough: if Congress' previous vote was overturned, couldn't this one be overturned as well? It is requesting a three- to five-year guarantee for the new arms agreement before it will reopen the American bases.

2. Before Congress considers that request, it should reconsider the law that prompted the embargo in the first place—the law that cuts off U.S. military aid to any country that uses U.S. weapons other than in self-defense. Should that law be continued in force? Should it be used selectively, against regimes Congress does not, for whatever reason, like? Or should it be repealed, on the grounds that it poses too difficult a definitional problem: in a long-term conflict—such as Greece *v.* Turkey over Cyprus, or, for that matter, the West *v.* the Communist bloc—what do "offense" and "defense" mean?

3. Is the NATO defense line of vital concern in the eastern Mediterranean? If it is, then Congress should separate the arms sales from other considerations such as the Turkish opium crop.

Last Dirty Trick

What could be more fitting than that the deliberations of the Watergate Grand Jury should end with a dirty trick on the part of the special prosecutor?

In the Wyman-Durkin senatorial contest last month in New Hampshire, one major issue was the charge that Wyman had "sold" an ambassadorship to Mrs. Ruth Farkas in return for a large contribution to the Nixon campaign. Durkin made much of this, using winks and innuendo, while rumors were assiduously circulated in both Washington and New Hampshire that Wyman would be indicted at virtually any moment. Many New Hampshire voters were understandably reluctant to vote for a man who might shortly enter the penitentiary rather than the Senate.

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Operation "Autumn Forge"

We take off from Fort Riley, heading east,
And touch down on the great north German plain.
For NATO, we're supposed to rise like yeast,
Deploying troops athwart the Rhine and Seine.
But just beyond the Oder, millions train
To reach the channel ports in thirty days.
They do not blink at our legerdemain:
They know our shield is soft as mayonnaise.
Their strategy is built on blitzkrieg days;
They tower over NATO five-to-one.
If, suddenly, the Continent's ablaze,
Would one division put them on the run?
I'd like the President to please explain
Why Russians mass across the German plain.

W. H. VON DREELE

Trying to clear the air, Wyman appealed publicly to the special prosecutor in early September. Would the prosecutor please give him a clean bill of health? The answer came back from Washington: Nothing doing. The talk of an impending indictment spread.

Well, now, look at this: a little over a month later, the Watergate Grand Jury closes up shop without so much as a hint of a Wyman indictment. Surely the prosecutor could have foreseen that result a month ago? The Farkas allegations had been around for two years; the Grand Jury had been examining the evidence concerning them for months. As of early September the special prosecutor must have known very well that there would be no surprises in this case. He could easily have brought the Grand Jury to a decision prior to the election. He decided, however, to vote for Durkin via an absentee ballot cast in the bowels of the Justice Department.

That brings to a total of three the major political figures whose careers have been aborted by highly questionable prosecutorial tactics: former Senator Edward Gurney; former Secretary of the Treasury John Connally; and senatorial candidate Louis Wyman. By coincidence, all are Republicans. This too is the Post-Watergate Morality.

Truth and Academic Manners

Harvard historian Oscar Handlin believes that American historical scholarship is far gone in the process of poisoning its own wells. Writing in the September-October number of *Freedom at Issue*, he takes note of the reaction to "Cold War Revisionism: Abusing History" (1973) by Robert Maddox, which demonstrated that leading left-revisionist historians had faked quotations, falsified documents, and committed other scholarly horrors in order to convict the U.S. of starting the cold war.

Handlin did not expect the revisionists themselves or their academic friends to be much moved by Maddox' demonstration. "They held to their positions, of course, but neither explained away nor apologized for the errors. In a variety of ways, they brazened it out, arguing that errors were not errors at all, that the fact rewritten was closer to the truth than the plain meaning of the document." Handlin expected that sort of thing from the ideologues—but he was shocked by the reaction of the historical Establishment.

"*The American Historical Review*, official publication of the American Historical Association, stated the Establishment doctrine. A long, opaque article by Warren F. Kimball preached the academic coverup. Not that the revisionists are correct; but that it is incorrect to attack them. On the specific points, concession. 'There is no question that [William Appleman] Williams strings together series of quotations on certain subjects without telling the reader when, where, and why they were said.' That is not nice and 'reduces the scholarly usefulness of the book.' On the other hand, 'intellectual history—for that is what Williams writes—simply cannot be judged in that way. . . The key to true and useful intellectual history . . . is the intuitive ordering of facts and ideas. No one is obliged to accept the interpretation that follows, but disagreement does not justify name calling.' " As Handlin comments, if a revisionist historian has direct intuitive access to Stalin's mind, then why bother with documents and footnotes at all?

What Handlin isolates here is a perfect test case. Maddox' demonstration was completely conclusive—and yet. And yet it is just more than academic manners can tolerate to attack the scholarship of the New Left. Even from the Establishment perspective, their hearts are in the right place, and though they may be culpable in particular they are justified in general.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

What do Ephesians 6:12, 2 Thessalonians 2:1-12, Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*, "Solzhenitsyn Speaks Out" (*NR*, June 6, 1975), and "CIA: The Case for Intelligence" (*NR*, July 4, 1975) all have in common? Essentially, they all say that the war in which we are involved is a religious war. Further, they all say this war is not fought primarily through religious battles; it is fought primarily in the spirits and souls of men. It is a war in which "the system of falsehood which spins its web around everyone" (*NR*, p. 606) fights against truth (2 Thessalonians 2:12); where the powers of "resistance to authority and discipline" (*NR*, p. 716) fight the power of God (Ephesians 6:12, 2 Thessalonians 2:4). There-

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fore, our "only salvation . . . lies in a moral and religious rebirth" (*NR*, p. 609) because "we need God's power to be able to resist this spiritual evil" (Ephesians 6:11). In other words, "without God's assistance, we will not have enough resources to hold our ground when the worst happens" (Ephesians 6:13).

In the preface to his *Witness*, Whittaker Chambers does a good job of analyzing this current bifurcation of mankind into two mutually exclusive and antagonistic camps, and also the relationship of this split to the French Revolution. In the body of *Witness*, he gives a lucid insight into the waging of this spiritual warfare in a solitary soul. Therefore, in view of its timeliness, perhaps you or somebody at NATIONAL REVIEW could get *Witness* reprinted as a paperback. It would also be beneficial for this generation to have *Witness* reviewed in the book section of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Sincerely,
Kevin & Jean Miniter
Middlebury, Conn.

Witness is available in paperback from the Henry Regnery Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Regards,

WFB

■ Dear Bill:

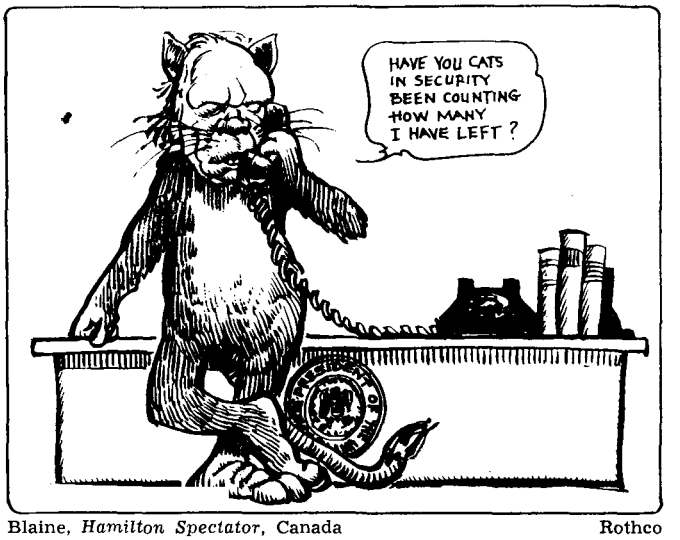
The revelation that the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*'s editors relied, in their new edition, on Soviet writers to do the section on the Soviet Union reminds me that they rejected the piece commissioned from me on civil disobedience, which has since become a Harper Torchbook and was discussed in *NR* by Sidney Hook (January 21, 1972). Since the *Britannica* principle appears to be to run only articles on the Soviet Union written by Soviet agents, they probably decided to have articles on civil disobedience written by civil disobeyers. The principle is interesting. Articles on pornography by pornographers, on Watergate by Nixon . . . an interesting perspective. Worth looking at.

Cordially,
Ernest van den Haag
New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While reading *The 2,000-Mile Turtle, and Other Episodes from Editor Harold Smith's Private Journal*, a new book by H. B. Fox published here in Austin by Madrona Press, I came across a passage I thought might interest you:

"One of the entrancing things about capitalism is that occasionally it does lift a man up out of the humdrum of earning a living and barely getting by and places him on an economic throne. After living constantly with the fear of slipping or making too many mistakes, or slowing down, or having to go to the hospital, and having the hounds catch up with him and pull him down into economic ruin, a man suddenly is handed so much money that the last trace of economic fear is removed. For the first time in his life he can buy without considering cost and spend without fear of overdrawing.



Blaine, *Hamilton Spectator*, Canada — Rotheo

"I know some people consider this aspect of capitalism wholly unfair, holding that a man isn't entitled to something he didn't earn, but that's an extremely unpoetic view of life, rejected even by a Russian premier as he leaves his luxurious town house for a vacation at his summer place in the country. Who's to say Byron, who could bake his brain while lying in front of the fireplace, then jump up and pour himself out spontaneously in deathless poetry, earned his talent? Do you think Mozart, composing complicated music at the age of five, acquired the knack by hard work? You think Communism will ever manage to give every brain the same IQ? Or everybody a villa as luxurious as the premier's?

"Capitalism not only gives a man the best chance of any system to get and enjoy what he earns; it goes that one better and holds out the wonderful opportunity to get far more than he earns. As far as I'm concerned, that enhances capitalism and takes some of the boredom out of life."

Sincerely yours,
Ann Price
Austin, Texas

■ Dear Bill:

While browsing through Charles Lam Markmann's oddly courtly hatchet job on you and yours, I ran across a sincere if unwitting (no, sincere *because* unwitting) compliment to your style. Markmann cites Burke's words on liberty and government, whose principles will remain unaltered long after "the grave has heaped its mold upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity." But he ascribes them not to Burke's *Reflections*, but to Buckley's *Rumbles Left and Right*! Not that he approves: he calls this passage "a manifesto on behalf of obscurantism"—"damnable philosophy." Still, I wish *I* could inspire such blunders. Is it a wonder that Arthur Schlesinger prostrates himself before your wit and rhetoric?

Joe [Sobran]
NR
—WFB

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Incumbency

IT IS NOT EASY keeping up with, or keeping straight, all the news that's fit to print.

On Tuesday, September 30, the *New York Times*' front page carried a story with this headline:

AIDES SAY FORD HAS FOILED CHALLENGE BY GOP RIGHT

The story, written by Philip Shabecoff, began this way: "White House aides are saying privately that President Ford has successfully blunted a challenge by the right wing of the Republican Party to his nomination in 1976 and predict that he will soon adopt a slightly more moderate stance to broaden his electoral appeal."

Of course, those White House aides were not saying all that too privately. Their words found their way into Mr. Shabecoff's ear. And Mr. Shabecoff was picking up the same vibrations elsewhere. Tennessee Senator William Brock, a conservative, told him that the difference between 1964, when Barry Goldwater was the great Right hope, and today, on the eve of the Reagan challenge, is this: "Today it is not a contest for the soul of the Party but only a contest for political power." Mr. Brock added: Vice President Rockefeller is an issue because Ford is not.

And that's the way it was, Tuesday, September 30.

Five days later, on Sunday, October 5, the front page of the *New York Times* carried a story with this headline:

FORD'S 1976 DRIVE IS FOUND LAGGING; NEW AIDE CHOSEN

The sub-headline said: "Organizing and Fund Raising Sluggish in Key States—Reagan Called Better Off." This story was written by R. W. Apple Jr., the *Times*' foremost political writer. Perhaps casting a glance and a dart over his shoulder at Mr. Shabecoff, Mr. Apple tartly wrote that ". . . the facts became clear with the resignation late this week of Lee Nunn as director of organization for the President Ford Committee. Mr. Nunn, a long-time Republican 'nuts-and-bolts' man, quit without public announcement partly because of dissatisfaction with the slow progress of grassroots organizing."

Ford's Weakness

Of the two *Times* stories, Mr. Apple's comes closer to the truth. Certainly Mr. Apple did not exaggerate the weakness of the Ford effort to date.

Howard "Bo" Callaway, Mr. Ford's campaign manager, has privately admitted that Mr. Ford might lose two—*the* two—important early primaries, in New Hampshire and Florida. Stuart Spencer, a veteran political consultant from—where else?—California, has joined the Ford campaign, warning that Mr. Ford must win both primaries "because it's going to be a miserable spring with blood in the streets if we don't." Mr. Spencer has an unfortunate way with words, but his meaning is clear: if Mr. Ford does not win the early primaries, he will lose the nomination, or win a nomination that is not worth having. To prevent that, Mr. Ford is off to a late and uncertain start.

As late as June no systematic political planning had been done in the White House. Until then the White House was hoping against hope a show of strength by Mr. Ford would drive Reagan back from a race. To that end, Mr. Ford began dashing around the country at something like the pace he maintained when he was a congressman and Vice President.

But the net result of the political stirrings that began in the White House about four months ago is this: Ford's campaign organization, such as it is, is undergoing an uneasy reappraisal, and Mr. Ford's personal campaigning has become a disproportionate amount of the "presidential news."

On a recent and not untypical evening, the leading story on the network telecasts—on all three of them—was the fact that Mr. Ford was at it again: campaigning, that is, this time in West Virginia. It is now clear that Mr. Ford has a bee in his bonnet—he wants to campaign in all fifty states. He wants this, in part, because he likes campaigning. He certainly seemed to be having a merry time in Elkins, West Virginia, riding down the main drag in the same convertible that carried John Kennedy past the Book Depository in Dallas a dozen years ago. Today the car has a plastic bulletproof roof, but the roof has a hole in it, and the 38th President is standing through it, waving to the crowd. All this, and much more about the details of protecting Mr. Ford, was covered in the telecasts that night. And that is all that was reported over the American airwaves that night about Mr. Ford's incumbency.

Obviously, Mr. Ford believes that his perpetual campaigning is useful in his fight against Mr. Reagan. But it is at least as possible that Mr. Ford is blundering, and playing into Mr. Reagan's hands. Mr. Ford is diminishing whatever remains of the novelty of a presidential visit. Moreover, he is lookng less and less presidential as he campaigns. It is not lost on the nation that Mr. Ford is campaigning earlier and harder than Mr. Reagan is campaigning. Who is the challenger anyway? Who is the underdog?

Reagan's Weakness

In recent days this reporter has been traveling in Virginia, Texas, and California. I detect a vague and as yet minority feeling, but a growing feeling, that Mr. Ford is not just neglecting his duties, but is actually fleeing from them.

One of Mr. Reagan's potential weaknesses in a head-to-head confrontation with an incumbent President is—or, at any rate, might have been—a feeling among voters that he is "just a former actor," someone who came to politics in his mid-fifties, who is somehow not quite "serious." But Mr. Ford, by spending so much time away from his desk, waving and smiling his way through Elkins, West Virginia, is blurring the potentially favorable contrast between himself, the grave incumbent, and Mr. Reagan, the actor, the campaigner. Mr. Ford, who did not seek his office, is demonstrating that he is not gifted at using incumbency to prolong incumbency. □

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One Step Backward . . .

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

Formentor, Spain—

Disregarding a miscarriage or two, the Portuguese revolution gave birth to its sixth government last month after a lengthy and painful labor. When Admiral Azevedo announced that he had finally rounded up a cabinet, Western opinion sighed with relief. All Western analysts hoped and many believed that "the crisis had been resolved," the Communist Party cut down to size, and civil war avoided.

The three major (legal) parties are represented in the cabinet roughly in proportion to their vote in the April election: four posts to the Socialists, two to the Popular Democrats, and one to the Communists. (No one bothered to note that the April election had been not for a government but for a constituent assembly, or to mention that this sixth "government," like its five predecessors, has no constitutional or legal foundation, and rests solely on "revolutionary legality"—i.e., on force.) Nobody had voted in the April or any other election for the remainder—the majority—of the cabinet, which consists of military men plus a couple of "technicians" chosen, after weeks of arcane wrangling, by the Supreme Revolutionary Council of the Armed Forces Movement. Thus the ambiguities in this latest victory of democracy.

What, then, are the prospects for Azevedo's coalition? An estimate must begin from the fact that, in both a positive and a negative sense, the new government is not a resolution of the crisis but an expression of the crisis. The coalition is an amalgam of incompatible political elements that cannot fuse into an integrated, effective whole. The military majority is itself irreconcilably divided, so that it cannot, as it now stands, impose an arbitrary unity that might substitute for a voluntary consensus.

At the same time, the coalition's medley includes no proxy for a major, and perhaps the primary, political force operating within the nation that the new government purports to reflect and represent. It was this force—the traditional, conservative, Catholic, rural North—that, by its militant intervention in the streets, compelled the ouster of the Communist Gonçalves, and thus, indirectly at least, was responsible for the shift to the Azevedo government, in which it has no authentic voice.

The political ambiguities of the coalition are present even within individual members of the cabinet: obviously, in many of the politically adolescent military men, but also in the conspicuous and critical person of the Socialists' leader, Mario Soares. From the right side of his active mouth, Soares speaks as an anti-Communist champion of pluralism, democracy, and individual freedom, and is accepted on those terms by Western opinion. But in his September 22 interview with Edward Mortimer of the London *Times*—immediately after installation of the new government—his dominant themes issued from the left side.

Capitalism Delenda Est

"Social democracy is not applicable to Portugal," Soares declared without qualification. "Our program is not a program to correct the most unjust aspects of capitalism, but to destroy capitalism." Though his own and similar parties needed "to compete with strong Communist Parties for the support of the working class, [they must] also cooperate with Communist parties in bringing about a socialist transformation of society." Mortimer summed up Soares' appreciation of the events of the summer: "His party had always firmly condemned the acts of violence committed against Communists in various parts of Portugal"—condemned and thus disowned, in other words, the acts that had brought into being the government in which he now sits.

On the same day as this Soares interview, a cadre of the force excluded from the Azevedo coalition took means it judged appropriate to its current circumstances to publicize *its* program. Seven small bombs exploded at various spots in the Lisbon area, one of them at the naval barracks where admiral-become-premier Azevedo was spending the weekend. A telephone voice told the news agencies that these were "warnings" sent by "the provisional command of the Portuguese Liberation Army. . . . The objective was to demonstrate our opposition to the Marxist military power in Portugal."

And four days earlier one other factor in the continuing Portuguese crisis—far from negligible though also unrecognized in the coalition protocol—reaffirmed its program in its own manner. In the August 6 issue of Moscow's *Pravda*, Konstantin Zaradov, editor of the internationally circulated magazine *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, had reiterated an analysis made in June 1974 by Boris Ponomarev, who directs liaison with non-Soviet Communist Parties. Zaradov proclaimed in the name of Lenin the classic hard line on the conquest of power. In the same words used by Alvaro Cunhal three months earlier—the repetition was surely "no accident"—Zaradov stated that "a democratic majority is not an arithmetic but a political concept . . . going beyond the routine framework of the established 'peaceful' life consistent with the bourgeois order." The Western Communist Parties must not "lag behind . . . the latter-day conciliators," but be ready to establish their "hegemony" and "the dictatorships of the proletariat [by using force] to suppress the resistance of reactionary forces." On September 18, Leonid Brezhnev, in his first public statement after getting back to the Kremlin from a vacation, praised Zaradov and wished him and his staff "success in their important and responsible activity."

Molecules in Motion

Meanwhile, what Trotsky called the "molecular movements" of the masses go forward beneath the official layers: in Portugal's bread basket, the Alentejo, where peasants under Communist leadership seize farms and cattle; in the North, where activists of the Liberation Army and other embryonic

(Continues on page 1189)

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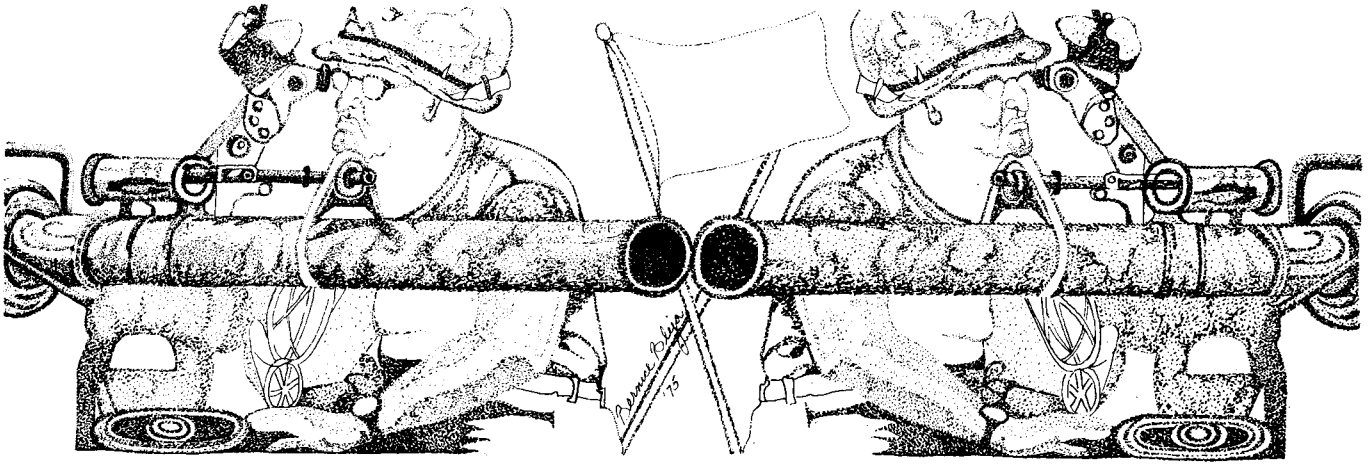
MYTHS, FACTS, TRUTHS

Dissolution of the Paris Peace Accords

The Communists never intended to abide by the Accords, says the author, except when it was to their advantage. The Accords were a delusion—and when we were deluded we shifted the blame to the "corrupt" Thieu



GEORGE H. NASH

THE REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM is gone now, and few Americans wish to dwell on its passing. The final weeks of its agony, the televised scenes of suffering—these are now but memories receding into a past from which we strain to avert our gaze. Yet all the billions of words of commentary have done little to dispel our inordinate ignorance about that vexing conflict. Out of this confusion rise plausible but false explanations of what went wrong—myths that threaten to congeal into accepted "truths" about our longest war.

This is especially true of the Paris Peace Accords of 1973—the treaty that was supposed to restore tranquillity to Vietnam. Obviously *someone* was responsible for its breakdown. The question is: Who?

One might suppose that the overwhelming defeat of South Vietnam by the North would have settled the issue. But one finds that it did not. Instead, we hear that *South* Vietnam was the one that sabotaged the agreement; and this view has gained many adherents in recent months. Perhaps it is not so perplexing. The more we can reproach and discredit President Thieu, the less responsibility we ourselves must bear.

Yes, South Vietnam is gone; but the question of who violated the Paris Accords has more than academic interest. For the conclusions we draw now will affect our perception of the next crisis somewhere else. And that crisis will surely come.

To most Americans, the evening of January 27, 1973—the commencement of the Vietnam ceasefire—was a time of profound relief. The Paris Accords promised the end of our part in the fighting and the return of our prisoners of war. Not a very ambitious expectation, but at least one that could be achieved. And it was.

For the South Vietnamese, however, the Accords failed to bring even a modicum of peace. Although the level of violence declined in 1973 in an elementary sense (provision for a ceasefire) the agreement was a failure from the start. In the first three weeks after the "ceasefire," 200,000 South Vietnamese civilians were rendered homeless. During 1973 an average of forty South Vietnamese soldiers were killed *each day*; another 180 were wounded. According to a staff study for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, at least 80,000 Vietnamese died because of the war in 1973. By January 1975, some 56,000 South Vietnamese combat troops had lost their lives since the Paris Accords, and more than 1.4 million refugees had been displaced—in a country the size of New England with a population equal to New York's. Even before the bloody debacle of last spring, every fifth child in South Vietnam was an orphan.

Mr. Nash is the author of A Dance along the Precipice: The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America, 1945-1972, *which* NR *will excerpt in its anniversary issue, Dec. 5.*

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In the light of all this, we might be tempted to ask whether the elaborate formulas and protocols of the agreement were seriously intended to work, or whether they were merely camouflage for a U.S. withdrawal. If no party really intended the Accords to take effect, the question of violations seems almost irrelevant: why waste indignation on them?

The real motives and expectations of statesmen are always problematic. But whether or not those who signed the covenant took its words seriously, many others certainly did. The issue of violations is therefore of interest and importance to people other than propagandists.

Consider first the record of North Vietnam. Of the many ambiguities in the Paris Accords, the most conspicuous was their silence on an extremely salient fact: the presence of at least 145,000 North Vietnamese troops in the South. Despite this omission, the agreement was unequivocal about the future: according to Article 7, neither the Thieu government nor the "People's Revolutionary Government" (i.e., the Vietcong) was permitted to accept the introduction of troops, advisors, or other military personnel into the South. (As Secretary Kissinger noted at the time, North Vietnam's adherence to this prohibition would necessarily allow her forces to diminish by normal attrition.) In addition, Article 7 stipulated that the South Vietnamese government and the Vietcong could replace arms, munitions, and war matériel—but only on a piece-for-piece basis as current stocks were destroyed, damaged, or otherwise depleted. If the Accords were ever to establish peace, surely Article 7's constraints on arms and men must be scrupulously honored.

How well did the North Vietnamese comply? In the first two months after the ceasefire, more than 30,000 North Vietnamese Army personnel were infiltrated into Vietnam via Laos and Cambodia (the use of this route itself transgressed the Accords). By the late fall of 1973, according to American intelligence reports, about 70,000 NVA troops had illegally entered the South; by early 1975 this figure had reached 170,000. The increase in manpower was not the only blatant North Vietnamese violation of the Accords. The Ho Chi Minh Trail was transformed into a four-lane, hard-top superhighway; where it once took weeks for troops to travel down the trail, it now took only days. In 1973 the NVA funneled tanks, artillery, and other matériel into the South and gave no one the opportunity (required by the Accords) to determine whether these were indeed piece-for-piece replacements. Between January 28 and mid-April 1973 alone, over 7,000 illegal NVA military truck crossings occurred between the demilitarized zone and South Vietnam. During 1973 the North constructed 12 airfields in the South, installed SAM-2 missiles in Khe Sanh, and built an oil pipeline through two hundred miles of western South Vietnam. So immediate, spectacular, and menacing were these violations that President Nixon, as we now know, intended to resume the bombing of North Vietnam in the spring of 1973—only to be distracted and fatally delayed by Watergate.

North Vietnam's subversion of the Paris treaty was not only military. It also involved the elaborate machinery for supervising and enforcing the peace: the Two Power and Four Power Joint Military Commissions and the principal organ, the International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS), which consisted of Canada, Indonesia, Hungary, and Poland. From the outset the ICCS was hampered by the provision that it must act unanimously. This proved to be a formula for paralysis which the Communist members exploited at every turn, with what the Canadian delegation termed "obstructive tactics [used] to delay the investigations or simply to refuse to admit evidence incriminating the PRG." (Privately, the Poles and Hungarians admitted as much.) In one case, when the South Vietnamese government charged the illegal presence of SAM-2 missiles at Khe Sanh, the Communist ICCS officials ruled that aerial reconnaissance photos were not sufficient evidence to warrant an inquiry! In the first six weeks or so after the ceasefire, there were 7,000 violations—out of which came a mere 31 requests for an ICCS investigation, and a grand total of two reports.

Against this dismal record of Communist noncompliance with the provisions of the Accords must be placed the conduct of South Vietnam

Communist obstruction of the ICCS sometimes took more sinister forms. On April 7, 1973, an ICCS helicopter was shot down by a missile in Communist-held territory in South Vietnam—even though it had obtained Vietcong guarantees of safe passage. Nine persons aboard were killed. According to the Vietcong, the helicopter had strayed off its prescribed course. Even if this were true (and there is considerable evidence to the contrary), surely, as the Canadian Foreign Minister observed, "the penalty for losing one's way in the cause of peace should not be death at the hands of one of the signatories to the Paris Peace Agreement." In the ensuing weeks several other ICCS helicopters were fired upon over Communist-held territory—not exactly a sign that the harassment was accidental. In late June two properly identified Canadian members of the ICCS were captured and detained by the Vietcong for 17 days. Accused of being spies, the two men were pressured to sign "confessions," and one was beaten. These incidents—and others not mentioned here—offer overwhelming evidence of a pattern of premeditated obstruction.

Against this dismal record of Communist noncompliance with the provisions of the Accords must be placed the conduct of South Vietnam. The Thieu regime's record was definitely not without blemishes. When, for instance, the North Vietnamese and PRG representatives to the Joint Military Commission appeared for duty, they were, in the words of one news weekly, "severely restricted" by the South Vietnamese, confined to "highly guarded South Vietnamese installations," and prevented from contacting civilians, even though they were entitled to diplomatic privileges. More serious were the hostile demonstrations that greeted Communist truce personnel when they first entered Hué and Danang. Evidently instigated and managed by Saigon, demonstrators stoned North Vietnamese barracks and slightly injured five North Vietnamese officials in Hué. The Canadian delegation to the ICCS reported, however, that the North Vietnamese exaggerated the Hué incident and

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made it an excuse to withdraw its men from the Four Power Joint Military Commission in the northern provinces—one more blow to the rickety structure of peace. And these South Vietnamese actions, although deplorable, pale into insignificance by comparison with the North Vietnamese offenses already recounted.

While the remaining American troops in South Vietnam departed on schedule early in 1973, Hanoi illegally dispatched reinforcements into the South. While North Vietnam methodically and improperly built up its war machine in the South to unprecedented levels, the South Vietnamese were not getting even the one-for-one replacements that the Accords permitted them. Some critics have emphasized that in 1974 the United States replaced South Vietnam's F5A aircraft with F5Es. Since the F5E was a more advanced model than its predecessor, it can be argued that the United States thereby violated the Paris Accords, which sanctioned only replacements "of the same characteristics and properties." But again, such a transgression seems trivial when compared to the concurrent military violations by the North Vietnamese.

Moreover, in compliance with the treaty, the South Vietnamese dutifully designated points of entry for imported war matériel; the Vietcong designated none. The South Vietnamese and the United States fully deployed all personnel required for the functioning of the Two Party and Four Party Joint Military Commissions; the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong did not. The South Vietnamese and the United States paid their share of the expenses of the ICCS; the Communists did not. While one side organized a mob in Hué, the other shot down helicopters. As for freedom of movement for supervisors of the truce, let the impartial Canadian ICCS delegation's report of March 26, 1973 tell the story: "In areas under the control of the RVN [Republic of South Vietnam], no barriers have been raised to freedom of movement." In contrast, the PRG had requested that the ICCS inform it two or three days in advance if it intended to fly over PRG territory! While the Canadians could find "no reason for serious complaint with the attitude of the U.S.A. and RVN," it could not say the same for the Communists.

One could go on, but the point is clear. In 1973 the North Vietnamese and Vietcong proclaimed the Paris Accords a "great victory." In some ways they were correct. Not the least of their triumph was the ease with which they throttled the treaty's inhibitions on their designs for conquest.

To any candid observer, the sheer preponderance of the facts speaks decisively: Communist violations of the Accords were not only abundant, they were systematic and flagrant. The operative code of the NVA and PRG, as expressed in their routine conduct, can be stated as a maxim: Exploit the Accords when possible, obstruct them when necessary.

Why, then, the controversy about who violated the Paris agreement? The answer, of course, is that some observers accuse the "corrupt dictatorship" of President Thieu of having been the real obstacle to peace. According to one prominent columnist:

> The peace agreement signed in Paris two years ago called for a new phase of politics in South Vietnam. . . . The idea of all that was to open up a process—a process of political competition and accommodation instead of war.
>
> But President Thieu prevented that process from starting. . . . He prohibited movement between zones, reclassified political prisoners as common criminals to keep them all in jail, and effectively banned all parties but his own. . . . And at the moment the ceasefire was to come into effect, he launched aggressive military actions.

What is at once astonishing about this indictment is its selectivity. Not a word about the "aggressive military actions" conducted by the NVA after the ceasefire. Not a word about its infiltration of troops and missiles, its construction of roads and pipelines, the relentless buildup of its forces in the South. Instead, we are virtually invited to infer that the North Vietnamese *hankered* for "political competition and accommodation," only to be frustrated by a stubborn reactionary dictator in Saigon.

What are the facts? The first of the principal complaints against Thieu was that "at the moment the ceasefire was to come into effect, he launched aggressive military actions." This statement, like so many others commonly offered about Vietnam, calls to mind the saying: Beware, beware the terrible simplifiers.

Some observers accuse the "corrupt dictatorship" of President Thieu of having been the real obstacle to peace

One of the peculiarities of the agreement was its provision for a "ceasefire-in-place." That is, soldiers on both sides were to stop fighting where they were; precise zones of control would be demarcated later. This arrangement was an invitation to confusion and tension, which the Communists promptly exploited. Shortly before and after the hour of the ceasefire, North Vietnamese and Vietcong units seized more than three hundred hamlets and villages that they did not control before that point. The objective of this operation (called "land-grabbing" by the media) was obvious: to establish a presence in additional populated areas that the Communists wished to control in the post-ceasefire struggles to come.

Confronted with these sudden and provocative incursions into their domain (attacks which, again, occurred before *and after* the ceasefire), the South Vietnamese elected to restore the *status quo ante* by force. It was their initial—and highly visible—*reaction*, involving air strikes and artillery bombardment, that has so often been misconstrued as an "offensive" operation. The result, of course, was a fierce round of battles, which in some cases lasted for several weeks. Was this South Vietnamese response to Communist "land-grabbing" a violation of the Accords? In a formalistic sense, yes: any gunfire, by definition, violates a ceasefire. But in the context of the Communists' "reaching out" offensive in late January 1973, South Vietnamese conduct seems much less culpable than it might appear to a superficial observer who could see only the South Vietnamese aircraft overhead.

Not that the South Vietnamese record was immaculate. As a Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff study later

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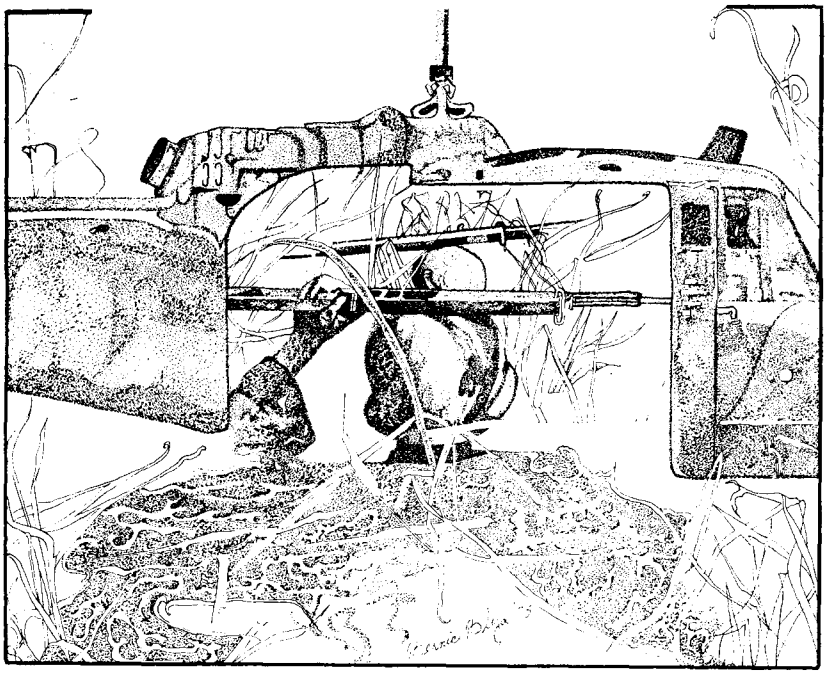
commented, "Immediately before and after the signing of the Paris agreement, both sides sought to seize last-minute advantages." A few months ago Assistant Secretary of State Philip Habib remarked, "The truth of the matter is that there was jockeying for position. . . . The situation was tenuous, the ceasefire was not holding, the ceasefire was not holding on both sides."

And as 1973 wore on, South Vietnamese-initiated violations increased in some areas. In Phu Yen province, for example, according to an American official who was there, the Vietcong seized 28 hamlets on the day of the ceasefire. But when the South Vietnamese finally expelled them several weeks later, the RVN forces did not terminate their operations but pushed the Vietcong back farther than before. Elsewhere, too, during 1973 the South Vietnamese encroached on territory held by the Communists. But, then, the reverse was also true. Each side endeavored to consolidate and maximize its areas of control. One Foreign Service officer who was in the Mekong Delta at the time told me that in early April of 1973 an RVN corps commander informed province chiefs that the South Vietnamese Army would no longer surrender the initiative to the enemy. From now on, he announced, we shall return to our pre-ceasefire conduct of the war; we have to protect ourselves.

And who can say that the South Vietnamese attitude was unjustifiable? With an enemy scattered throughout their land, with no fixed battle lines and little security, the distinction between "aggressive" and "defensive" operations easily became abstract and artificial. Once again, under the circumstances of a conflict that never ended, the South's record—imperfect though it was—does not suffer by comparison with the North's. (Otherwise, the North would have cooperated with the ICCS.) To single out South Vietnam for censure is to judge in a vacuum and to judge unjustly.

The second major grievance against President Thieu is that he incarcerated thousands of "political prisoners" in violation of the Accords. As with so many other aspects of the Vietnam War, this subject is mired in controversy and ambiguity, and one struggles to ascertain not only the facts but a proper framework for their interpretation. What, for example, is a "political prisoner"? What are the permissible limitations on political opposition in wartime, particularly during a war (imagine one, if you can) in which the front is everywhere? Might not certain political activity that may be tolerable in peacetime—such as membership in or collaboration with a Communist Party—properly be outlawed during a war?



For all the publicity that has attended the issue, no one seems to agree on just how many political prisoners South Vietnam actually had. Two hundred thousand (the claim of the Communists and an opposition priest)? One hundred thousand (Amnesty International's figure)? Forty to sixty thousand (a Senate subcommittee)? None (the American ambassador to Saigon)? In early 1974 Ambassador Graham Martin reported that after seven months of intensive inquiry he had "yet to be given the name of a prisoner who is incarcerated solely for his opposition to the present government of Vietnam." In the face of these wildly divergent statistics it would be presumptuous indeed to attempt a definitive assessment. Moreover, as Sir Robert Thompson has observed in his excellent recent book *Peace Is Not at Hand*, "Even those who recognize that 200,000 is a gross fabrication have to yield to the temptation to maintain their own 'credibility' by accepting some lesser number."

Nevertheless, a few observations seem warranted. In the words of a 1974 study by the House Foreign Affairs Committee, the 200,000 figure—1 per cent of the population—was "vastly inflated." Where and how could they all have been concealed? In fact, as the staff study noted, in 1973 the American Mission in Saigon conducted "what appears to be an objective and reasonably comprehensive survey of the prison population in South Vietnam." It discovered that in mid-1973 the entire prison population in South Vietnam was only about 35,000—including *all* kinds of prisoners, not merely "politicals." Furthermore, the *capacity* of all the prisons in South Vietnam was barely 50,000—far below many estimates of the number of political prisoners alone. Such findings do not prove, of course, that the Thieu administration was completely guiltless or that its prison conditions were ideal. But once more we cannot fail to note a disconcerting gap between the passionate allegations and the prosaic truth.

And once more, too, a little comparison with North Vietnam is illuminating. In the aftermath of the ceasefire, each side released to the other its civilian detainees. The South gave up 5,081; the Vietcong, a suspiciously low 637. In late 1973 the *New York Times* reported that, according to peasants in northern South Vietnam, many civilians captured by the Communists in 1972 had never been released. Nor, one might add, did the Vietcong ever account for the 70,000 South Vietnamese citizens who were kidnapped or detained during the long war.

In short, whatever the precise facts about certain political prisoners in Thieu's Vietnam, the overall issue was undoubtedly magnified and distorted.

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The most potent charge against Thieu was that he egregiously violated the political portions of the agreement—that he obstructed and foiled the start of a "process of political accommodation." Just as before, we are now confronting a bewildering array of truths, half-truths, and imperishable misconceptions. According to Article 9(b) of the Accords, the South Vietnamese people were to "decide themselves the political future of South Vietnam through genuinely free and democratic general elections under international supervision." These elections were to be organized by a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord that was to be established soon after the ceasefire. Neither of these provisions was ever implemented. Why? On April 25, 1973 the South Vietnamese government presented a detailed proposal for elections within four months for "an organ . . . to determine the political future of South Vietnam." As part of this package, the South proposed the establishment of the National Council and the abolition of "restrictions to the democratic liberties due to the war situation." These provisions would be implemented well before the elections, thereby rendering possible an open political campaign. In addition, the South Vietnamese stipulated that "all non-South Vietnamese armed forces" (i.e., the North Vietnamese Army) must withdraw from the South two months before the election. Hardly an unreasonable proposal—and one that scarcely fits the stereotype of South Vietnamese intransigence.

Repeatedly Saigon demanded that national elections be held; it was eager for elections and confident about their outcome—if they were genuinely free

The Communists, not surprisingly, rejected this offer. Instead, they countered with a plan which, in the words of a U.S. Government analysis, would have given the Communists "a free hand to continue intimidation of the population and subversive activities against the GVN [government of South Vietnam] with no guarantee that the process would ultimately result in genuinely free elections." And so a deadlock developed that was never broken. Repeatedly Saigon demanded that national elections be held; it was *eager* for such elections and confident about their outcome—if they were genuinely free. Repeatedly the Communists refused to oblige. The reason was that the Communists controlled at most 10 per cent of the population and would have lost a free election overwhelmingly. And they knew it. Nor could the Communists accept Saigon's linking the elections to the withdrawal of NVA troops; without the troops, there would have been no significant Communist political presence in South Vietnam.

To be sure, the Paris Accords did not mention these NVA forces and did not mandate their removal as a condition for elections. Yet if the Communists truly yearned for a peaceful and democratic political solution to the conflict, why did they retain NVA soldiers in the South? Because Thieu might cheat? But the elections were to be internationally supervised—by the very ICCS which the Communists did so much to frustrate. At least one conclusion seems possible: while the South Vietnamese were understandably apprehensive about "political" competition with the Communists, it was not the South Vietnamese who aborted that process.

Perhaps the most controversial political item in the Paris Accords was Article 11, which stipulated that "immediately after the ceasefire," the South Vietnamese and the Vietcong would "achieve national reconciliation and concord, end hatred and enmity," and (among other things) "ensure the democratic liberties of the people," such as freedom of speech, the press, political activities, and movement. Inasmuch as this clause was supposed to be implemented immediately, both sides, strictly speaking, violated it. The South did not instantly dismantle its wartime apparatus of control or allow Communist cadres into Saigon. Nor did the PRG introduce "democratic liberties" into *its* areas—a point often ignored by the critics of Thieu. Yet these observations—while accurate in themselves—hardly begin to address the subtle question of relative responsibility, of better and worse.

Consider, for example, the charge that Thieu's government restricted "freedom of movement" in gross violation of the Accords. Once more, analysis yields complex results which belie the slogans of the simplifiers. At times the government did discourage its citizens from moving into contested areas where they could not easily be protected and where the Vietcong would levy taxes and requisition supplies. These restraints, while technically violations of the Accords, hardly seem unreasonable. Moreover, the government's efforts appear to have been episodic at most and not always very successful—scarcely the marks of a brutal dictatorship.

Still, critics of Thieu have often insisted that his failure to institute unconditional "democratic liberties" compelled the Communists to continue the war: Thieu gave the frustrated Communists "no choice." If the North Vietnamese had meticulously observed the Accords in 1973 in order to test the possibilities of fair political competition and had only resorted to arms after rebuffs and provocation, the "frustration" hypothesis might be valid. The facts, as we have seen, indicate otherwise.

But the difficulty with this version of events in Vietnam is even more profound. Of all the myths of the post-ceasefire war, the notion that the Communists sincerely sought "political accommodation"—only to be driven back to the battlefield by an inflexible President Thieu—is surely one of the most insidious. In 1973 alone the Vietcong and North Vietnamese committed 15,000 acts of terrorism in South Vietnam. Fifteen thousand—in a country with less than one-tenth the population of the United States. These premeditated acts of terrorism—so routine as to go largely unreported in the American media—included calculated cruelties like booby traps, kidnappings, murders of village and hamlet officials, bombings of pagodas and school yards. If the Communists were so anxious for "reconciliation and concord," why this unrelenting campaign of terror? Why even one act of terror?

Because the Communists did not seek peace in Vietnam; they sought victory. And terror, like "democratic liberties," was a weapon. In March 1973 Hanoi's political headquarters for South Vietnam (COSVN) issued a top-secret directive to its cadres. In this illuminating document (later cap-

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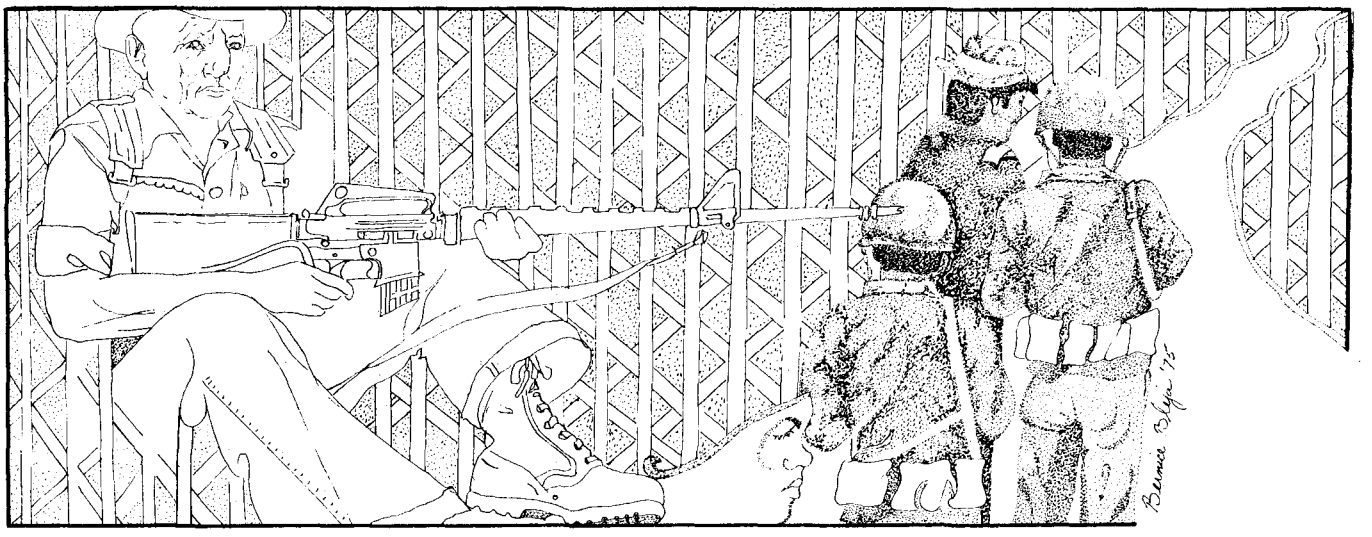

tured), COSVN repeatedly exhorted its forces to exploit the Paris Accords as "an additional sharp weapon with which to attack the enemy." The cadres were instructed to "develop the new assault posture" and "to launch continuous attacks to demand the enemy implement the Cease-fire Agreement strictly"—a peculiar way indeed to effect a peace. COSVN announced that the Paris Accords must not be considered a replacement for "the other types of struggle," and it warned that "the ratio of forces is actually the decisive factor." Not the ratio of ballots—the ratio of *forces*. Again and again COSVN emphasized that the "struggle" must continue on all fronts—political, military, and legal. The Paris agreement itself was such a front. "We must," COSVN said, "use national concord . . . to aim a sharp point at our enemies." It was a unique definition of "concord": not peace with our enemies but peace *against* our enemies.

But to imply that both sides equally breached the Accords, is not, I believe, a fundamentally correct perspective on the Vietnam War

No wonder, then, that the Communists constantly appealed for "democratic liberties"; these were to be tools of subversion in an unremitting campaign to smash their foes' political system. There is no evidence that the Communists intended to play the game fairly or that, if they lost, North Vietnamese troops would fold their tents and silently steal away. For the Communists the "struggle" was supreme. For Communists everywhere, politics is war pursued by other means.

Under these strained and terrible circumstances, is it really surprising or reprehensible that the Republic of South Vietnam declined to implement Article 11 unilaterally? After all, there was a war going on—a total war—which President Thieu, for all his faults, perceived more readily than many of his critics. And the Paris treaty was not a suicide pact.

What, then, can we conclude about the comparative records of the Vietnamese parties to the Accords? In answering that question, we should remember that factual statements are not always truthful statements. Both sides committed violations of the Paris agreement: this is an accurate observation—as far as it goes. But to imply that both sides *equally* breached the Accords is not, I believe, a fundamentally correct perspective on the Vietnam War. And to condemn South Vietnam alone as somehow the cause of North Vietnam's violations is a grotesque inversion of the truth.

It is too soon to make conclusive judgments about the Vietnam War. But intensive study of what happened in Vietnam between 1973 and 1975 produces many somber, if tentative, reflections. First, the government of South Vietnam was far from perfect, but in the end there remained a significant moral difference between it and the enemy to the north. When all the complicated calculations of guilt and innocence are computed, there is, as John Roche points out, a meaningful distinction between the "inefficient authoritarianism" of Thieu's regime and the "ruthless organized totalitarianism of the Communists."

Second, the notion that the Paris Accords could generate "national reconciliation and concord" in Vietnam was one of the most pathetic delusions of our time. It was a delusion to expect that "political accommodation" in any recognizable Western sense was ever possible between the Communists and the non-Communists in Vietnam. It was a delusion—one of the archetypically liberal delusions—to suppose that an enduring "negotiated settlement" short of surrender could be achieved with the Communists in Indochina—if only we made a few more concessions. If only we ousted Thieu. If only we induced both sides to "reason together." It was chimerical to hope that a tenuous military stalemate in 1973 could yield permanent political equilibrium and that the Communists could be persuaded (or bribed) into abandoning their quest of a generation. Henry Kissinger said it succinctly in 1969: "The guerrilla wins if he does not lose. The conventional army loses if it does not win." General MacArthur was even more concise: "In war there is no substitute for victory."

Let others draw what lessons they may. Vietnam is gone; the battle is over. But the protracted conflict goes on. Let us hope that the recent prediction by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is wrong: that we who have failed in Vietnam will die—not our sons, but us—in the defense of America. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Rise of the Squatter

FERDINAND MOUNT

Nobody quite knows how or where it started. Were anarchists at the bottom of it, or the International Marxist Group, or was it simply a last resort for the castaways of the city? One moment, it was a joke, a publicity stunt; the next, it was a reality, a social problem. The authorities, as is their way, were taken totally by surprise; their parasite army of planners and sociologists murmured something about urban alienation and stood well clear. And the rest of us looked on, half-angry, half-amused, and totally bemused as the unpredicted and unexplained practice of squatting —well, squatted in our midst.

In fact, squatting has never died out. But its new outbreak in Britain is something quite different, both in scale and style, from the handful of despairing families who used to curl up in derelict buildings and deserted farm cottages and Nissen huts just after the war when there really was a housing shortage. As recently as 1971 there were no more than about 1,500 squatters in Britain. Last year, there were said to be 30,000 of them—20,000 in London. This year, there may be as many as 50,000 people living in houses to which they have no title and for which they pay neither rent nor rates.

Some of the forms squatting has taken are disturbing creatures of nightmare, turning a row of suburban houses into a string of Kafka anecdotes, adumbrating in miniature the breakdown of law and public order.

David Wiltshire, a solicitor in the lovely Georgian city of Bath, returned home one evening to find his house taken over by squatters. There was a notice pinned to his front door. It was headed "Legal Warning" and stated that if he tried to remove the usurpers by force, he would be prosecuted. Identical notices have been found pinned to houses similarly invaded in London and elsewhere—an indication of the coordination of the squatting "movement." This warning may sound absurd, but it is not to be taken lightly. Under the Forcible Entry Act of 1381 (over here we like our legislation well-matured), a person without a court order can enter a property only "in a peaceable and easy manner." You may not use force to enter a property against the wishes of those inside, even if the house happens to be your own.

Mr. Wiltshire, however, is a man of resource. He consulted a private detective who gave him the name of a retired cat burglar. While the squatters were out at a pub, no doubt celebrating the discomfiture of the bourgeoisie, the cat burglar effected an entry, as they say in the trade, and opened the door to Mr. Wiltshire who then neatly piled the squatters' belongings outside his front door and sat back to enjoy his regained Englishman's castle.

Out He Goes, in They Come

The snag of course is that any time the owner of a house goes out, the squatters may climb back in again. Mr. Bill Allison of Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, London—the long, leafy street is a mecca for squatters—has been staying indoors nonstop for the past three weeks because he knows that the moment he leaves (he lives alone) the squatters will be back, doing hundreds more pounds' worth of damage to his newly decorated property. Even after being ejected from his home, the squatters ring his bell at all hours to demand the return of their belongings in the truculent tones of guests who have recently vacated an unsatisfactory hotel.

Such unmitigated *chutzpah* is typical of squatters all over. In Edinburgh, a couple hailing from New Guinea complained to the police that the neighbors were holding noisy parties. Only on investigating the complaint did the police find out that the New Guineans were squatters.

The squatting life is made more agreeable by the statutes governing public utilities, which stipulate that any citizen applying for gas or electricity must be supplied with same, regardless of whether he has any right to live on the premises thus supplied. Of course, when Squatter A fails to pay the bill, the London Electricity Board can cut off the supply. But then Squatter B in the same house applies to be reconnected, and when he fails to pay the bill, Squatter C . . .

Dodges like these are widely circulated in squatters' news sheets, which are printed not only in English but in French, German, Italian, and Hindi. There is even a kind of Squatters Gazette that describes suitable houses for invasion in the elliptical yet fulsome prose of the realtor.

In the majority of cases, squatting has been organized and regimented by the sort of people who usually organize and regiment such things. Veterans of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the various splinter groups claiming apostolic succession from the Fourth International are to be glimpsed at the head of a straggling column of deserted immigrant mothers, well-bred students out for kicks, ex-cons, and local bluestockings with the best intentions. This motley army has attracted considerable attention from press and television, which have as usual tried both to simplify and to solidify the complex and fluid situation by erecting an untenable distinction between the "responsible" and the "irresponsible" squatter and by interviewing self-appointed "kings of the squatters" (usually the most articulate squatter who happens to be at home when the reporter calls). But in fact the more interesting aspect of the situation—as of so many political confrontations—is the behavior of the authorities.

The police are reluctant to interfere except where there is clear evidence of criminal damage or impending violence. For reasons both historical and prudential, they prefer to regard the conflict between house-owner and squatter as a purely civil dispute. They do not wish to be tagged as the landlord's friend, particularly because in so many cases the property being invaded belongs to a large, anonymous real estate company, though they will usually assist home-owners to recover their property. The attitude of police chiefs

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has been shaped by long experience of the specious grounds and strong-arm methods to which crooked landlords have resorted in evicting their tenants. Organized squatting is too recent a phenomenon for the police to have fully explored the parameters of possible action and public response.

Town councils have reacted in varying ways. Some, like the Liberal-controlled council in Liverpool, have simply used their own staff to eject the squatters without ceremony. Some London councils, on the other hand, permit squatting in houses which are due to be demolished. Anthony Crosland, the Environment Secretary in the Labor Government, has just sent out a circular to all councils suggesting that they might grant a sort of license to squat, but only to those who first approach the council for permission and who are in genuine need.

Homeless in a Sea of Houses

This approach has the broad support of both the Conservative and the Liberal Parties. There has been remarkably little protest even from that wing of the Conservative Party that might be expected to denounce the most partial surrender as illegality. The reason for this unanimity is not that the illegality under the curious British system is relatively minor (a non-violent, non-vandalic squatter may be committing nothing more than the civil wrong of trespass); it is that all parties are uncomfortably aware of the huge numbers of houses now lying empty in British cities. It seems mean-spirited to stick rigidly to the rule of law when that rigidity appears to involve acquiescence in the absurdity of thousands of families being homeless with rows of empty houses all around them. This feeling may be soft-hearted or soft-brained. The point of the rule of law, after all, is that it should not be overridden by mushy arguments of public advantage. And yet the reaction of the authorities is more long-sighted than it looks.

The Law Commission, the permanent judicial body which reviews English law, is at present burnishing proposals to repeal the dear old Forcible Entry Act, to end the common-law offenses of forcible entry and conspiracy to trespass, and instead to create two new offenses: failing to leave a house after being ordered out by the owner, and entering property by force without lawful authority and adversely to any person who is in physical occupation of the property or entitled to occupy it.

Between them, these legal reforms and the licensing system are intended to give the authorities the power to prescribe who may and who may not squat and where they may and may not do it, and to chuck out the unapproved squatters who, being thus detached from the genuinely homeless unfortunates, will be pelted with universal obloquy. Who knows, it might even work.

But then, all at once, you wake up. The question of squatting suddenly diminishes to its proper size: a lilliputian nuisance, enough to raise the hackles but not the hair. And you begin to discern the huge and monstrous scandal to which squatting leads your attention—just as a swarm of flies may lead you to some huge, rotting corpse.

Why then, you wonder with a jolt, are there so many empty houses? Why street after echoing street of silent buildings with boarded windows, their doorposts daubed with that grim official epitaph LEB OFF—although, as we have seen, it only takes a telephone call to the London Electricity Board to get LEB ON again (presumably squatters call collect)?

In the London borough of Islington, where I live, I can walk for miles through forsaken streets where there is no longer a human soul residing. It is as if these streets had been visited by some dreadful plague, as if LEB OFF were a code warning to the still uninfected.

Yet if I walk in another direction, I pass through some of the pleasantest late Georgian and early Victorian streets in London. They have charming fanlights, elegant ironwork railings, and balconies spilling ove with geraniums and lobelias. These properties are highly prized and valued accordingly.

As often as not, the forsaken streets and the pleasant streets are architecturally very similar. The difference is that the forsaken streets have been bought by the local council and condemned to demolition and the pleasant streets are owner-occupied and revived.

For the past ten years, local councils all over Britain have been buying, emptying, and tearing down perfectly viable housing on a scale unparalleled in our history. Meanwhile, their rate of building new homes has if anything slackened. Even if inflation had not overtaken them, the councils could not have hoped to replace the properties they have condemned until the year 2001 or thereabout. As in the U.S., urban renewal has in practice meant urban destruction. It has also meant urban bankruptcy, from which the profligates can in the end only be bailed out by the taxpayers. Local council expenditure on housing is one of the biggest single causes of inflation in Britain. The proportion of housing costs met out of revenue (rents paid by public-housing tenants and the all too rare sale of surplus property) has shrunk from well over half to not much more than a third, while local councils continue to borrow like maniacs at higher and higher rates of interest.

Political Tadpoles

This huge burden of debt grows heavier every day as councils buy out more and more private owners in order to knock their property down, thus blithely diminishing the stock of cheap housing and creating a new underclass of homeless families ripe for the agitator. Meanwhile, politicians of the Left rant on about property speculators "hoarding" building land—when even the shiftiest speculator cannot afford to leave his land idle for a day with interest charges at their present level.

The number of dwellings in this country first exceeded the number of families a decade ago. Ever since, the population of downtown areas of big cities has steadily decreased. By now, therefore, there should not be a single homeless family downtown. But there are, thousands of them, dumbly waiting for their names to rise to the top of the council housing list, quite unaware that it is in fact the council which is to blame for the lack of a roof over their heads.

It is a not unremarkable achievement at the same time to beggar the country, to reduce city centers to rubble, and to create an entirely artificial housing problem. It is this back-handed philanthropy which has finally spawned the unlovely phenomenon of the "political squat." In the steamy pond of municipal malfeasance, the squatter may be no more than a tiresome tadpole. But tadpoles have a way of growing into noisy frogs. □

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REFLECTIONS ON A CONFERENCE

The Post-Communist World

HENRY REGNERY

IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT to accept the invitation the International Association for Western Culture sent me for its meeting in Rome last March, even though I had never heard of the group before. As Eric Voegelin, to whom I happened to mention it, remarked, "Never decline an invitation to go to Rome."

The invitation came from Armando Plebe, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Palermo, a former Communist and now a member of the Italian senate. Professor Plebe made the arrangements for the meeting, acted as chairman, and handled it all with the greatest courtesy and skill. With his energetic manner, verbal dexterity, and self-confident assurance, he reminded me of Frank Meyer, whom many of us remember with affection from similar occasions.

The subject of the meeting was *La Cultura del Postcomunismo*; participants came from 11 countries and in the three days of the conference delivered some 24 papers. While the theme of the meeting sounded optimistic, the general tone was thoroughly realistic, if not pessimistic; everyone was well aware of the present state of Europe and the threat of Communism, which events in Portugal made all the more apparent.

One of the first speakers was Mme. Augustina Bessa Luis, a distinguished Portuguese poet and novelist who spoke beautifully and with conviction on the role of literature in cultural life, and on the eternal truths of Christianity and their relevance to the present. The Canadian journalist L. J. Zink argued that we must do everything in our power to make people aware of what life under Communism is like—we must publicize not just the concentration camps and the terror, but the deadening effect on the life of the country, the destruction of all values and traditions, and the eventual result of any compromise with Communism: complete surrender.

A most engaging, outgoing professor from Argentina said that there could be no original culture under Communism; what cultural life there was sprang from opposition to Communism or was a survival of pre-Communist society. The Communists profited enormously from such figures as Picasso and Casals (whose creativity, however, was in no way related to Communism); now there is no one to take their place but a few second-rate intellectuals. The problem is to restore the freedom to create; and for him, he said, coming from a Latin culture, freedom is inseparable from family, tradition, and religion.

Professor Ronald Hartwell of Oxford University discussed some of the historical myths perpetrated by Communism: the "miseration" myth, that capitalism inevitably leads to the impoverishment of the masses; the myth of the welfare state, that all economic improvement of the working classes has come about through the redistribution of income effected by the labor unions and the state; and the myth of imperialism. As a historian and a teacher he felt that his task was to set the record straight.

A MOST impressive paper, which examined some of the fundamental philosophical positions and resulting inconsistencies of Marxism, was given by the young Englishman David Levy, from whom, I am sure, we will hear much more. The position of the radical Left, he argued, is based on a perception of man and the world not as they are, but as they ought to be; it is based not on reality, but on an idealistic construction. "Here, in essence," he said, "is the whole tragedy of the Left, the cause of its failures and the reason why, no matter how bad may be the present state of civilization, alliance is unacceptable to traditionalists and those generally who draw their values from our religious and classical past. When we criticize anything we must criticize it on its own terms: when we wish to change, even revolutionize, something we must bear in mind its inherent characteristics. The Left, at its most emotionally appealing, and, I would argue, its metaphysically deepest, criticizes *what is* in terms *of what can be thought*. Thus, zebra and unicorn become metaphysically equal, regardless of the fact that one exists while the other is just a pleasant fiction; the same lack of discrimination is shown in comparing hierarchical human society with the classless egalitarian paradise of total individual autonomy and social peace."

It was appropriate that a meeting to consider *La Cultura del Postcomunismo* should have been held in Rome, when one remembers the place of Rome in the history of the West. This history, as reflected most clearly by Rome, is enduring; there are breaks and interruptions, of course, but from classical Greece at least into the nineteenth century, the philosophy, the art, and the social and political institutions of Western civilization remained within certain traditional bounds.

The triumph of Christianity in the Roman world created no break: Christian philosophy was built on the great heritage of Greek philosophy, the art and architecture of the Christian era developed naturally from that of Greece and Rome, the medieval kings thought of themselves as heirs of the Roman emperors, and the tradition of Roman law continued largely uninterrupted. Christianity mitigated the ruthlessness and cruelty of Rome; gave men purpose and the hope of salvation; gave society institutions based on Christian charity; but it did not destroy the existing order. Marxism, on the other hand, with its dogmas of economic determinism, of class warfare as an essential element of progress, and of the inevitability of that progress, represents a distinct break with the Western tradition. Marxism introduced an element of violent discontinuity into history.

It is no accident that Marxism appeared on the scene just as modern industrialism was gaining momentum. Marxism is itself a product of industrial society, and we will solve the problem of Communism only when we learn to integrate industry and technology with the other aspects of life; when we

(Continues on page 1189)

Mr. Regnery is chairman of the Henry Regnery Company (publisher of God and Man at Yale*), founded in 1947.*

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The New Clerics

QUITE AN EXTRAORDINARY book has hit the bestseller list in Germany. It is Professor Helmut Schelsky's *The Others Do the Work: The Class Struggle and the Clerical Rule of the Intellectuals*. Schelsky, who is well known in German-speaking countries as an eminent sociologist, is middle-of-the-road politically. But this new work is definitely right of center. It is an attack on leftist intellectuals, whom Schelsky sees as the real cancer of the Western world—far more dangerous than the orthodox Muscovite Marxists.

Schelsky claims that the leftist intelligentsia, though lacking truly eminent men, is sufficiently numerous and well-coordinated to have become, especially with the general crisis of religion, a neo-priestly caste. They wield real power: their ideas influence political parties; they have a grip on the labor movement; they infiltrate the theological schools. But above all they have a profound impact on elementary and secondary school teachers, who in turn teach an "anti-authoritarian" collectivism. They have made an all-out effort to capture the ministries of education in the various German states. Above all, these high priests of the Doctrine of Social Salvation have conquered the hearts and minds of the leaders of the Social Democratic and Free Democratic Parties.

Schelsky believes that man needs religion and that some sort of ideology is unavoidable. And this new secular religion with its this-worldly orientation provides a coherent ideology. It derives much inspiration from the New Left and regards Marxist Communism with a certain uneasiness, though also with a certain satisfaction. It is socialistic in a broad meaning of the term. The theology of this religion clearly emanated from the Frankfurt school (Marcuse, Adorno, Halbermas, Mitscherlich). And it is for this reason that Schelsky, himself a sociologist, blames sociology for the new doctrine.

Schelsky views these new clerics as essentially a leisure class of talkers and writers, of people enjoying comfortable salaries. But this leisure class—identified long ago by Thorstein Veblen—exercises genuine ruling power through its key positions in education, the theatrical world, the press, publishing, radio, and television. And its doctrines spread easily because of their affinity to the thoughts and dreams of the man in the street—who, whether he realizes it or not, is a progressivist.

What is the message of this new religion? It is that man as a person is nothing. Whatever he is, he is through his environment, through his society. Thus any improvement, any progress, must come from a reform of society—Rousseau's ideas triumphant. There is no other world but this one, and this world *is* society and its forces. Only if society has bad, unhealthy structures does man become bad.

AND WHO is it that knows all about society? The sociologists, of course. We are not surprised therefore to see that the disciples of this new religion frequently study sociology. As a result, the number of sociology and psychology students at the German, Austrian, and Swiss universities is legion. Once graduated, however, they cannot find employment, so they continue to fight the evil capitalist society which has no jobs for them. Although today's society is still one in which the principle of performance rules supreme, these young men and women want to join the "new clergy," to live the life of drones. "Work is for others."

Precisely the most dangerous aspect of the New Clerics is the influence their thinking has had on labor's leadership. In Germany, unlike America, leftist students have made efforts to break into the conservative, level-headed working class. The New Clerics' primary aim at present is to become undisputed rulers, a leisure class dominating the masses of workers and replacing the old, cultured upper middle class, which was supreme in old Germany and Austria and still holds a strong position in Switzerland.

The New Clerics have a real disdain not only for reason and experience but also for the natural sciences. The researcher with a test tube, a microscope, or a computer is their enemy because he might—and does—come up with hard facts that contradict their nebulous pseudo-religion. Because all their doctrines are either scientifically unverifiable or contrary to reason and experience, the New Clerics have no logical difficulties in criticizing technology and industrial production. Of course, if the economic crisis gets worse, this ruling class may be in for hard times. For their existence rests on the wealth of a consumer society able and willing to support an elite of non-performers.

Schelsky has no doubt the Doctrine of Social Salvation will make the churches obsolete if they abandon their true vocation—carrying the spiritual message to mankind. If the churches merely preach some sort of humanism that fosters love for distant sufferers (Schelsky calls this "borrowed misery") rather than love for one's neighbor, if they join with the efforts to establish an earthly paradise, then their downfall is certain: for other people, other organizations, other doctrines do a much better job.

Schelsky is frankly pessimistic because he believes that the New Clerics hold nearly all the trump cards. His is a brilliant book, with much valuable ammunition for conservatives and genuine liberals; it is being avidly read in Germany, and its impact just might be considerable. □

Elite Type

Some people (fools) hold different views
In politics from ours;
Some cheat, some steal, some
  overbooze;
A lot misuse their powers.
We have with us the not quite bright,
The blasphemous, the mean,
The bigot and the troglodyte,
The vicious, the obscene.
We're taught, "In this democracy
All citizens"—I quote—
"Are guaranteed equality."
But, damn it all, they *vote*!

CORINNA MARSH

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The Only Alternative

GERHART NIEMEYER

"The only alternative is Christianity." This dictum of Solzhenitsyn's may sound like an emotional cliché to many Western readers, a wishful sigh from the agonized heart of a frustrated writer. Solzhenitsyn, however, has a precise mind and is resolved not to say what he does not mean. Remarkable, isn't it, that the statement does not mention an economic alternative, or an alternative constitution. It centers on faith as the opposite of ideology.

Let us remember that Solzhenitsyn worked out his understanding of Communism in *Gulag Archipelago*, the morphology of a system of political wrongs and lies that are made possible by something like widespread loyalty to them. "How could it be," he wonders, "that men and women of adequate education, ordinary character and ambition, clinically sane, could pledge their allegiance to such inhumanities and untruths and do it, as it were, on principle?" The question obviously cannot be answered by reference to a planned economy or "the totalitarian state" which, anyway, does not exist as a typical form. A regime is totalitarian if it is ruled by a group which for some reason endorses wholesale terror, crimes of total compulsion, and lies. By pointing to Christianity as "the only alternative," Solzhenitsyn locates that reason in spiritual and moral attitudes diametrically opposed to Christian attitudes. Two precedents in history may help us understand what Solzhenitsyn means.

Precedents and Heresies

The first is Pelagianism, a heretical doctrine of the fifth century which taught that man is not only free but also fully capable of choosing good or evil, that his choice depends not on God's grace but on his moral resolve alone, and that only such fully free choice can be called moral. The details of this heresy need not occupy us here. What matters is the implication that man works out his own salvation, that he is the master of his fate and captain of his soul, and that evil in the world can be conquered if only man wills the conquest. From this it follows that some men resolve to conquer evil while others don't, so the conclusion that the latter desire evil for selfish reasons is justified. They must then be not only restrained but actively fought. In other words, political force must be used against those who withhold their support from the cause of future perfect justice. Pelagius may have had in mind the formation of each person's own soul and life, but latter-day Pelagians envision the abolition of social evil, which, in true Pelagian fashion, they believe to be a work for human will alone. The world can be made perfect if man so decides. This is the underlying attitude engendering not merely Communism and its works but all varieties of modern socialism.

The second precedent is one that modern readers may find hard to believe, though recent research by Frances Yates, D. P. Walker, and others has verified it beyond doubt. It is a doctrine of "white" or "natural" magic stemming from the fifteenth century Marsilio Ficino, developed more fully by Pico della Mirandola, Giordano Bruno, and Tommaso Campanella. They taught that certain planetary forces as well as certain demons and angels could be controlled and influenced for human benefit. They practiced magic music, the making of talismans, and operations with sacred letters and words of the Hebrew alphabet.

All these men were what we today would call intellectuals. They published, lectured, propagandized, and sought converts to their magic religion. Bruno and Campanella had a certain influence at the French court, Pico and Campanella enjoyed the support of certain popes. Their object was a cosmic reform: the assembly of pagan gods would reform not only themselves but, more important, the stellar constellations. The gods would remove all pernicious forces from the constellations, after which beneficent forces would rise from below, and peace, justice, and goodness would prevail on earth. Religious and political rule would become as one. A wholesale change for the good, effected by magic through pagan gods, would descend to the earth from above. After their sources had been publicly discredited, the religion of these magi was forced underground, but one current of their thought continued through the Rosicrucians and another through the English Freemasons, two groups that had enormous influence on late eighteenth century thinking.

For Goodness' Sake

Like Pelagianism, the idea of a magical universal reform attributes to men the power to abolish all evil and change the world into something new. These ideas form the seed of the modern attitude from which socialism has flowered. It is not through the heart and soul of the individual, nor through works of personal charity, that good will be achieved. Only through systematic change will all society and humanity be "made good."

A paraphrase of a well known parable might illuminate the spirit behind such change: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But another man, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, his anger waxed hot in his heart against the kingdom where robberies did occur. And he went and joined himself to others who sought to overthrow that kingdom and make a new one that goodness might prevail. And that man was a socialist."

To bring about the future "good kingdom," men will practice tyranny and deception against those who do not support them. By contrast the Christian attitude, at its best, accepts man's dependence on God's grace in his fight with evil and forbids man to glory in his own powers. Christian humility is the basic limit to what man will do to man for goodness' sake. That is what Solzhenitsyn meant by the Christian "alternative." □

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Textbooks as Brainwashers

THE PUBLISHERS of school textbooks are blown about by every wind of doctrine. Eager for adoptions at whatever cost to candor, they trim their sails to the ideological wind. Just now they are slavishly sedulous to please NOW and other anti-feminine feminists.

Several of the major publishers have gone so far as to issue formal printed directives to authors, editors, illustrators, and other hirelings; practically all textbook publishers have genuflected before NOW and the like by admitting representatives of those outfits to sit in judgment on their publications.

McGraw-Hill Book Company has its "Guidelines for Equal Treatment of the Sexes in McGraw-Hill Book Company Publications." This begins by informing those subject to the authority of McGraw-Hill that "the word *sexism* was coined, by analogy to *racism,* to denote discrimination based on gender. In its original sense, *sexism* referred to prejudice against the female sex. In a broader sense, the term now indicates any arbitrary stereotyping of males and females on the basis of their gender."

Sexism is to be eliminated from McGraw-Hill publications. Humane letters, true, will be exempted: "We realize that the language of literature cannot be prescribed. The recommendations in these guidelines, thus, are intended primarily for use in teaching materials, reference works, and nonfiction works in general." I had thought previously that much "nonfiction" was literature too; but it is some comfort that Lady Macbeth is not to be transformed into Lord Macbeth, despite her expressed desire to be unsexed.

"Characteristics that have been traditionally praised in males—such as boldness, initiative, and assertiveness—should also be praised in females," McGraw-Hill informs us. "Characteristics that have been praised in females—such as gentleness, compassion, and sensitivity—should also be praised in males." Everybody's just like everybody else, you know.

"It is hoped that these guidelines have alerted authors and staff members to the problems of sex discrimination and to various ways of solving them," the McGraw-Hill publication concludes. They better have been alerted, or else. There's only one real reason for textbooks, you know, and that's to make money, and we don't want any howls from NOW.

Scott, Foresman, and Company presents us with "Guidelines for Improving the Image of Women in Textbooks." Its line is much the same as McGraw-Hill's, but perhaps sillier: "Both men and women should be shown cooking, cleaning, making household repairs, doing laundry, washing the car, and taking care of children. Both men and women should be shown making decisions; participating in sports; writing poetry; working in factories, stores, and offices; playing musical instruments; practicing medicine and law; serving on boards of directors; and making scientific discoveries." As examples of sexist language, Scott, Foresman cites: "early man; Neanderthal man; when man invented the wheel . . .; *History of the Black Man in America*; *Man and His World*." Can it be that the editors of Scott, Foresman really remain unaware that "man" and "mankind" are generic terms, including both males and females? No, it cannot be: Scott, Foresman merely cowers before any militant bully, however illiterate.

SCOTT, FORESMAN is zealous against "sex-role stereotyping." This is a sexist sentence: "In New England, the typical farm was so small that the owner and his sons could take care of it by themselves." One is supposed to write "family members could take care of it by themselves." Presumably it would be well to include a sketch showing women and girls guiding the New England plow, or perhaps pulling it.

Macmillan Publishing Company has released a booklet of nearly a hundred pages, "Guidelines for Creating Positive Sexual and Racial Images in Educational Materials." A female vice-president of Macmillan hopes that these guidelines "will be useful to school boards in selecting textbooks and to local community groups working with their schools to promote quality education materials." Macmillan would avoid "businessman," and promote "business person, entrepreneur, manager, speculator, investor, group leader, trader, business leader." And down with womanhood! "The romantic image of ideal womanhood has been so overplayed that most girls grow up believing they must attain it to be acceptable as women. Binding young women with such demands can cripple them as severely as did binding their feet in old China."

CONVERSELY, of course, we ought to denigrate manhood; but that's unnecessary: the typical school anthology has already done that, as C. S. Lewis points out in *The Abolition of Man.*

Macmillan laments the absence of American Indians (what! not Native Americans?) from photographs of classrooms. Weren't Samoset and Cornstalk in the second grade with us? Moreover, in the section on textbook art, we are instructed never to show just "one black face in a crowd of white faces . . . Group scenes should not portray one minority person, or in other ways make blacks stand out as the exception." In fine, every classroom scene should include 50 per cent Indians, 50 per cent blacks, 50 per cent Jews, 50 per cent Spanish-surname folk, and even a number of Caucasians.

Macmillan people are forbidden to exhibit Jewish people always "working as small shopkeepers, doctors, lawyers, jewelers, to the exclusion of other professions." Play up those Jewish lettuce-pickers and cowboys!

The trouble with all this publisher's pabulum, aside from its insolence toward the folk who write and illustrate textbooks, is that it makes textbooks into a tissue of new stereotypes and falsehoods. Any reflective pupil will be moved to think, "The people who wrote this textbook are either fools, or liars, or both. Life isn't like this." And the pupil will be correct. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Sacrament of Bingo

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." But before these bingo Catholics there are plaster frogs, horseshoes, wooden elephants and cats, kewpie dolls, stuffed toys, even one very ecumenical Buddha: graven images all. Man, if Moses had come down from Sinai to find his people in a bingo hall, he would've *eaten* the tablets.

It might be a theater lobby popcorn machine, this ark of the new covenant. Inside, ping-pong balls carom off the glass, blown where they listeth by a vacuum cleaner hose. Right now 25 bucks is/are on the line. People have been "waiting" for some time. Me, I'm waiting for G59. My wife has promised to yell it out: there's something wrong with my aesthetic metabolism, I just can't scream "Bingo!" in front of 200 grown-ups. Men with loin-cloths—sporrans full of small change over the groin—hawk jackpot and special cards. Two bits here, four bits there. Each wears an ID with name and photo: state regulations. Somehow this doesn't make them look honest, it makes them look like parolees. The bored caller intones: "B4." Six ladies shout "Bingo!" —one across from me so excited she has to catch her upper false teeth. Divide six into $25. $4.166666 apiece. Red tiddledywinks hail into fruit cake cans, crocheted bags, tupperware sandwich boxes. They're all set again. The bingo constituency: in this nation there isn't a more willing or numerous group of dumb suckers.

Laying two on a horse, that's stupid but easy. Bingo is stupid hard work; I get panicked. The numbers come, come. Women of seventy shame me. There's a cortisone in bingo that frees arthritic joints. One old woman who can hardly walk plays five dozen cards at once, broadcasting chips, dabbing with her marker bottle, fast, sure as a Benihana chef. Some, I've heard, manage to watch forty cards without any marker at all. A few men are here, mostly trapped husband-chauffeurs, and several young things. A brunette sits alone, craning glances around her Marlboro smoke. The face is gimcrack pretty, it might last through next summer. I note the wedding ring. Her husband works nights maybe; or maybe he doesn't work hard enough nights.

At least half these people make the circuit: Catholic church, firehouse, synagogue, K of C, VFW. Three, four games a week. In small communities there is no more important social nexus. They arrive early to gossip, set up their idols, stake territory on table-tops with the screee-snap of Scotch tape. For America's senior citizenry bingo is, hands down, the most popular way of killing time before death. A priest has told me: "It's essential for their continued psychological well-being. We have one woman with a bad hip; she's in a profound state of depression because she can't get to bingo regularly. Her friends are there."

They're there. And they're getting rooked. Bingo is a loser's game. No one—repeat, no one—can win over six months' time. Never mind gas and equipment costs, a normal player antes up about $7 for admission, all-night cards, specials, jackpots. Total prize money is one grand, no matter what the attendance. Figure two hundred people. Figure they all have as many cards as you do. A standard bingo prize is $25, less than that when you split two or three or six ways. How would you feel winning $4.166666 on a 200 to 1 shot at Belmont? Right; you'd start fires under the grandstand. Say 35 games or parts of games for your $7. You pay twenty cents for each part. At 200 to 1 the average prize should be $40. But 35 into $1,000 is $28. The "house" is skimming off a fat 30 per cent profit. OTB, state lotteries, are all required to announce the percentages involved. But outside my local Catholic parish hall there's only a picture of Jesus and the admonition "FOR MY SAKE. Do Not Leave the Church until the Priest Has Left the Altar." Helpful as hell.

AFTER HE HAS left the altar, a priest will tell you—and I've talked to many —that "gambling isn't immoral unless abused." Unless it causes hardship. But most senior citizens are stuck with a fixed income and everyone agrees that your best bingo attendance coincides with the arrival of welfare and Social Security checks. "It's up to an individual parish priest." The Catholic hierarchy, I sense, would like to pretend that bingo doesn't exist. There's no diocesan or national supervision. One knowledgeable source shrugged over the phone: "Well, if they didn't spend it with us, they'd go to the firemen." Sure, I said, but couldn't a similar argument be used to justify church-sponsored prostitution? "Hah!" laughed my knowledgeable source, "don't give us any ideas."

One local parish skims off $400 or $500 a week from bingo, Maundy Thursday included. There's overhead, of course; state and local governments tax. Even so, that's handsome money. The receipts are used for parochial schools, building funds, all worthwhile causes. But I suspect you could serve

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Cheez-its at the altar, ordain Doberman pinschers, and it would probably affect small parishes less than a ban on bingo. Talk about separation of church and state: here they connive to rip off society's poorest element. Gambling isn't immoral, I agree. But gambling organized and promoted by a church—especially no-win gambling like bingo—your most efficient casuist couldn't sanctify that.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And there it is, friends, right up front, bouncing around with the ping-pong balls. Indulgences were bad, but at least they had something to do with religion. If Catholic lay people aren't prepared to finance their schools, their new parish halls, then perhaps they'd be better off without them. Bingo is a shabby cheat. Let them go to the firemen. "Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves." He said that once. He'd say it again. □

FILM

JOHN GREENWAY

No Sex, No Bushmen

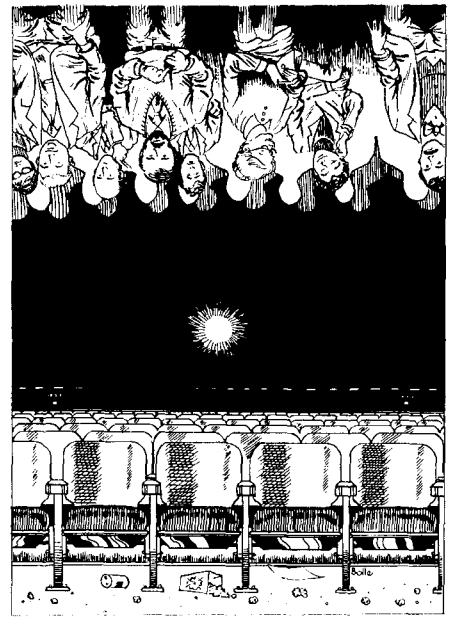
In 1962, the Museum of Modern Art, guided by the New York Liberal Establishment Curia on Everything, hung a Matisse *gouache*. Having thus ascertained the imprimatur, some 116,000 art lovers filed by dutifully, until one of them, purblind to the Emperor's clothes, noticed it was hanging upside down.

I have here on my desk thirty reviews of the classic Australian film *Walkabout*, perpetually in orbit and coming around for another showing to this part of the earth (Boulder, Colorado). The earlier Matisse incident compels me to believe that these reviewers, all of them, are standing on their heads watching a film being shown right side up. Though most of these reviews come from the most influential liberal guides to life (there is one review here from the *Ottumwa Courier*; I have no idea how it got in here), not a single one gives the least hint of what the picture is about. The less courageous—or more cunning—confine their remarks to the beauty of the Australian desert (which really does not appear in the film). The others, presuming upon their intellects, wind up biting the glass and listening for the flavor. Let's look at a few comments from some of America's most prestigious critics. *Walkabout*, concludes *The New Yorker*, "shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates [any Australians who wear their tails curled up inside their trousers] in collision with the natural elite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally [sic] about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating schoolgirl." As expected, nearly the whole of this summary is factually wrong, but I am upset only by the sex business, since it is at least latent in the other reviews. *There is no sex in this picture.* The aboriginal boy is in the last stage of his test for manhood—alone in the desert to prove he can make a living on a land as productive of game as an asphalt parking lot. More to the point, he has just been circumcised and, worse yet, subincised. If, in such a condition, he entertains lustful yearnings, well, he's a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

If the *New York Times* had to write a summary of *Hamlet*, it would come up with something like this: "Diffident young man hesitates to avenge his father's murder." It does an equally economical job on *Walkabout*, thereafter hurrying back to the beautiful desert (actually not the desert, but the magnificent Macdonnell Ranges in the center of the continent). Vincent Canby concludes, "Exposition is kept at a minimum. . . . It is clearly not a simple movie." Out here in the sticks we would translate that, "I don't know what the hell the picture is about."

Jacob Brackman of *Esquire*, which I once admired for its editing, admits "it does not contain enough information to understand it." With the *chutzpah* of most *Esquire* writers, Brackman then goes on to enumerate all the things he does not understand. One would think he was running for office on the Democratic ticket.

Time, short on *chutzpah* but long on pretentiousness, starts off by telling us



again, as if we didn't know, that (civilized) man is the only animal that kills except to get food. I'd like to slip a few weasels into *Time*'s henhouse some evening. So in *Time* the aboriginal boy becomes the Noble Savage. Arriving at last into the picture, *Time*'s reviewer tells us about the "unmotivated suicide," a "bushman" (bloody *bushmen* are found in bloody Africa, not in bloody Australia), "mooning under a quandong tree." Quandong are parasitic bushes, and any couple lying beneath one would have to be engaging in sexual intercourse, for there is insufficient room to do anything else. What does the picture mean? He does not say, unless you find some meaning in his phrase "preachy, anti-intellectual Natural Mannerisms." I cannot advise you on that, because I not only do not understand what the phrase means, I don't know what any single word of it means.

In writing reviews of reviewers one always has the nagging fear Richard Schickel will be omitted, so let us quote *Life*'s exegete and have done with him. The director, Schickel says, "has found a unique and striking imagery to point up the contrast between primitive and civilized ways." Of course, Schickel could have with equal truth asserted the exact opposite. We are reminded again that man is the only animal that kills animals because he cannot get his hands on Schickel. His aborigine, though his hair belt is festooned with a surfeit of lizards, "appears to waste nothing of what he kills. . . . The white

Mr. Greenway, an anthropologist at the University of Colorado, is the author of Down among the Wild Men.

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man, by contrast, is seen as a wanton in his sport." Apart from the ludicrous notion that when uncivilized man kills an animal he uses everything but the squeal, there are no white sportsmen in the film—but there are commercial buffalo hunters, a very different breed of cat. And the native's quietus to make, Schickel informs us that he "literally kills himself in the attempt to express his love for [the schoolgirl]." Aside from being false, this is dumb. When an aboriginal man wants a woman not specifically forbidden to him by his group's marriage pattern, he simply takes her. He does not see any profit in hanging himself from a tree.

A SECOND review in the *New York Times Book Review* is written by a genuine dinkum Australian. Unfortunately, I could not find one minim of evidence that he had seen any more of Australia than Sydney's wharfside slum, Woolloomooloo, where Errol Flynn as a young man used to fight with razor blades partly embedded in corks. There have been no aborigines there for more than a hundred years.

Before ending this with *The New Republic*, we must look at part of a sentence in the *Winston-Salem Journal*, whose man thinks the picture is about "ecological sanity." I spent years with the desert aborigines, and can attest with my hand on the Bible that they are the most destructive people alive, tame or wild, apart from some children whom, for my sins, I have the misfortune of knowing, and those underprivileged militants who have promised to "boin" down our cities. When aborigines finish stripping a game area of edibles, they deliberately "boin" off the entire area.

Well, to *The New Republic*. In this prestigious journal we find the picture condemned as "homiletic and gooey. . . . Obvious contrasts are drawn between decadent civilization and healthful simplicity." Ratsass. And the reviewer's conclusion: "I wish Bond had found a way to explain walkabout in the film itself." As Ole Dizzy Dean once announced in an open message to Stalin from the broadcaster's booth during a lull in a baseball game, "Why don't he give up that work and sell peanuts?"

Awright: so what is the picture about? The cyclical nature of life. A man takes his two children, a girl of 16 and a boy of six, to open country west of Sydney for a picnic. No matter that he could not have got there from Sydney by the route we see on his map; and even if we overlook the presence of the obstacle, a thousand-mile-long Australian Grand Canyon, he couldn't have made it to where the tragedy takes place in less than a day's drive—rather far out for a picnic. But his intention is otherwise. As soon as the children lay out the blanket for the picnic some little distance from the automobile, the father takes a gun and fires at them. They escape up a dry gully; he pours gasoline over the car and puts a bullet through his brain.

The children wander to the northwest for a conveniently undisclosed time—conveniently, since they encounter their next crisis 600 miles away. By now they are both hungry and thirsty—but at the point of giving up, they meet an adolescent aborigine boy. Where he came from is also conveniently undisclosed, for he is supposed to be a desert aborigine, but he is racially a Carpentarian, again 600 miles from his homeland. He is not on "walkabout" as the word is used in Australia, but in the last stage of his probation as a man.

There are many errors in the picture—like animals whose habitats are up to 1,500 miles apart—but they mean little to the theme. Wandering north again, the children come upon one of those bio-geographical impossibilities found only in Australia—tiny pockets of faunal life unchanged for tens of millions of years. We see plants that exist in other parts of the world only as Cretaceous fossils. But so far as the story is concerned, we see water—much exaggerated in extent by the photography, but enough to have an idyll in. It is lovely, though it worries the audience, who rightly think Central Australia waterless.

Ultimately, after another 600 miles of walking, they find a long-abandoned cottage and mine. Several reviewers took this opportunity to give us a disquisition on the white man's despoliation of the wilderness. More normal people will think of the family who tried to make a go of prospecting-homesteading, but who failed and left, their photographs flapping heartbreakingly on the walls.

In this abandoned cottage the final tragedy takes place. The boy finds a road running south to Brisbane and Sydney, and on his last night paints his coal-black skin with a skeleton, a ritual I know as the Dead Man's Dance. All night he dances, peeping at the girl, who in the morning finds him hanging from a tree. Why? Well, in looking for the road he sees a group of desert vehicles loaded with hunters, killing imported buffalo at the rate of two or three a minute. This is his tragedy: he realizes all the suffering and training he endured to be a man was useless; white technology has killed the hunting life. Not many people kill themselves because their culture is terminal . . . or else there would be none left to bury us, not even Khrushchev's Russians.

The scene shifts to a point appreciably later in time. The girl is preparing dinner in a beautiful apartment overlooking the world's loveliest harbor, at Sydney. Her mind flips from this beauty to the wilder beauty of Ormiston Gorge. Suddenly her handsome and ambitious young husband comes in and excitedly tells her he received that promotion he had so long sought. "Of course," he says, "old so-and-so had to go."

AND THERE it is. Old so-and-so is the father who, after losing his job, kills himself—as the aboriginal boy kills himself when he finds his culture suddenly dead. Jonathan Swift versified old Thomas Hobbes three hundred years ago:

> . . . every creature
> Lives in a state of war by nature . . .
> So, Nat'ralists observe, a Flea
> Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em
> And so proceed ad infinitum.

I saw this tragedy several times in Central and Western Australia; but I remember during the Depression my father—master of five trades and speaker of seven languages—grubbing for our food in garbage cans.

Still, I look back with the same irrational longing one of our natives expressed in his poor English, hundreds of miles from his barren but native country—"I am heartcryin' alonga dat country." *Walkabout*'s filmmakers understood the crazy but beautiful paradox by letting A. E. Housman's lines drift through the picture's last frames.

> That is the land of lost content,
> I see it shining plain;
> The happy highways where I went
> And cannot come again. □

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PLACES

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Manisses

The boat out of New London, Connecticut rolls in the slow grey swells for more than a couple of hours before the island appears in the mist like moss along the rim of an ironware bowl. Most of the passengers are tourists, but some of them are islanders: the latter sit indoors on the hard wooden benches off the small promenade deck. "Let's hope that new police force works out okay." "Well, we'll just have to watch and see how he does." The hooter in the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater goes off like a torpedo ahead of the bows as the ferry slips between the sand spits into the Great Salt Pond, so named more than 300 years ago by Roger Williams, that learned renegade from the orthodoxy of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

"Manisses"—meaning "little god," or "the island of the little god"—is the name given by the Narragansett Indians to a scrap of sand and beachplum and bluff, eight miles long and shaped like a lamb chop, lying in the Atlantic 18 miles east of Montauk, Long Island and about 12 miles south of Point Judith, Rhode Island. The first white man ever to stumble upon it may have been Giovanni da Verrazano, who reported to his boss Francis I, King of France, its numerous hills and the multitude of native fires along its beaches. In 1614 a Dutch trader and explorer, Adrian Block, came to Manisses in the course of his explorations of Long Island Sound. And, liking it, gave it his name.

It was not until 1661 that a company of settlers of Williams' religious persuasion acquired title to Block Island from the Bay Colony, and sailed out to their new possession. Since 1636, when they murdered a Boston trader and were in turn severely pummeled by the forces of Governor John Winthrop, the Indians there had become docile and had in fact come to rely upon the English for protection against the savage Pequots on the mainland. So they patiently suffered the invasion of their island and lapsed into a condition of benign servitude wherein they were forbidden to bear arms or take liquor from the white men or escape them in canoes. The new settlers set about felling the thick forest of pine, oak, elm, and ash with which Block Island had been covered, and abandoned the native practice of planting great quantities of corn. Instead, they raised sheep on the fields that began to spread over the island and that give it today a striking similarity to the Cornish bluffs and Scottish moors, and they caught fish from square-ended boats built to ride out sharp and sudden squalls.

As dissenters from the theologians of the "city upon a hill," the Block Islanders were content enough in their physical estrangement from the mainland, but they fought bravely nonetheless against the French marauders who landed on their beaches during the wars between France and England in the closing decades of the seventeenth century. Later, they whooped patriotically for the Revolutionary War: their zeal in that enterprise was undimmed even when the colony of Rhode Island, at the height of the conflict, removed to itself most of the islanders' stores, ammunition, and livestock to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British. (It was perhaps with that experience in mind that Block Island remained prudently neutral during the War of 1812.) Such stolid loyalty was belatedly rewarded when in 1875 President Ulysses S. Grant was rowed into Old Harbor, and afterward wined and dined and shown the new lighthouse on Mohegan Bluffs by a small retinue of citizens who tried, with their special enthusiasm, to compensate for the refusal of the fishermen on the wharves to get up on their hind legs in the presence of elected royalty.

But if the islanders have been in the past stand-offish toward domineering ecclesiastics and on-duty politicos, they have generally been tolerably polite to trippers for as long as the latter have wanted to pay calls. ("It is comparatively but a short time since the attractions of Block Island have been made public," wrote S. T. Livermore in his *History of Block Island*, published in 1877.) Just as the island is now a happy alternative to the American-fried highways of Cape Cod, so it was, a century ago, a pleasant haven from the ribald elegances of Newport. Livermore, himself a minister of the First Baptist Church of New Shoreham (i.e., of Block Island), remarked upon the spiritual nobility of the friends of Manisses: "That they are well-bred is evident to a competent observer. They are the solid men and women of the most moral circles of the country. The faster sort, if they come at all, tarry but briefly." Visitors to the island today are of course no better bred than the average denizen of this our great democracy, and they are of varying degrees of fastness, but enough of them are sufficiently slow to put a healthy drag upon in-season orgies. "Robert," says a hired companion to her octogenarian on the lawn of the Atlantic Inn, "here we are on this beautiful island: if you just keep your mind from drifting and watch that beautiful seagull—if you just look hard at little things—you'll find so much Beauty and Truth." She breaks off, clapping her hands sharply. "He's turned himself off," she explains. "I can't always tell if he's heard me." She claps again.

I LEAVE Block Island by Piper Cherokee as the boat to New London has retired for the season. (Every month twenty local ladies climb into one of these things and are flown on a shopping trip to Westerly, Rhode Island.) At 2,500 feet you can see the whole of a tiny island—furry with beachplum, pocketed with 365 clay-bottomed ponds, and dotted with grey-shingled frame houses standing like snails on the rocks when the tide is out—lying bright in the hardening fall sun. Below, 450 natives are digging in against a wild salt winter and a planned condominium at Old Harbor that represents the most dangerous breach in the island's well-preserved defenses. □

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BOOKS

Cheerfulness Is Always Breaking In

Execution Eve
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Putnam, 512 pp., $9.95

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

I'm having some difficulties with this review. To overcome them I dive back into *Execution Eve* now and then—only to come up laughing again, and still not quite able to explain why it is such an exhilarating experience. So far I find it much more pleasant to enjoy Buckley's work than to do my own. It's his fault, not mine, that *Execution Eve* is more fun to read than to write about—if it were less amusing it would be easier to review. Actually, the book is serious. Yet the style is so incisive and astringent that the effect is cathartic as well as revealing. One feels as if one is participating in a sharp and witty, though far from frivolous, conversation from which it is difficult to tear oneself away. Yet I must.

Some of the pieces in this collection will be familiar to readers of *NR*, where they first appeared. They seem fresh though, a pleasure to savor once more. Most, however, are gathered from other sources, many unfamiliar even to the most sedulous Buckley scholars: speeches in Boise, Idaho, essays in *Sports Illustrated*, *Travel and Leisure*, *New York*, *Playboy*, *Harper's*, *Yachting*, *Redbook* . . . and private correspondence galore. Buckley is a superb letter writer, though it is hard to see how he ever finds the time. Sometimes I wonder: Is there really just one William F. Buckley Jr.? Or is he the front man for a syndicate of writers, speakers, TV performers, columnists, and editors? Does he have hordes of anonymous peons slaving away in the catacombs of 73rd Street? How do they all manage to write like Buckley?

REREADING "To China with Nixon" one is surprised (should one be?) by Buckley's sharp eye. Perhaps I should say by his vision. He agrees, if at all, only grudgingly with Nixon's strategic move, balking at the indecent inconsistency he sees between the indispensable moral condemnation and the political alliance. Buckley's stomach just can't take it. (Though his stomach and palate are ironclad, and catholic, to the point of perversion: he is quite capable of savoring Chinese food. He even likes Mexican! None of us is perfect, of course. Still, I pray daily for his regeneration.) Buckley's metaphysical stomach is fussy, though. Nixon and his supporters are not so fastidious: they gloss over the inconsistency by declaring Mao morally acceptable. The Chinese revolution is just like the American; Mao is like Jefferson and Lincoln rolled into one. One need only report these delusions to be funny. Buckley does.

Neither Buckley nor the Nixonites seem to be willing to acknowledge the simple truth that Mao is a bastard (by synecdoche), but useful, even necessary. Wherefore the Nixon visit was quite justified, however despicable all Mao's deeds. There need be no contradiction. Of course, we must be on good terms—even allied—with all kinds of bastards and gangsters. Else we would dwell in an isolation we, unfortunately, can't afford. Yet it is refreshing that Buckley insists on the bastard part when everybody else cooperated in covering it up, feeling that, since we are visiting him, Mao must be a nice guy—why, didn't he liberate China from dogs and flies? Can we say as much about America? The nonsense helps resolve what is called "cognitive dissonance" but has its drawbacks as public policy, particularly when it is taken seriously by droves of willfully gullible intellectuals who go to China and report that they have "seen the future and it works." Next thing we will be tempted to send aid.

Buckley is just as discerning on Africa. His judgments on southern Africa in particular are worth the price of admission, and funny to boot. He manages to throw political realities into relief without losing sight of moral imperatives and, in the process, as Francis Bacon put it: "to excite the judgment briefly rather than to inform it tediously."

LET'S LEAVE politics—though Buckley has much to say about it that is true and striking. Turn to something I know nothing about and that, consequently, bores me monumentally: sports. He manages to make it interesting. *Mirabile dictu*, even his nautical adventures become fascinating—and I normally get seasick thinking about the Staten Island Ferry. Buckley does this effortlessly. He loves what he writes about, and makes you temporarily love anything he loves. Even sailing. A dangerous man. Lucky he does not usually misdirect our emotions to anything more permanently damaging than Peking duck.

Ernest van den Haag *is a professor of social philosophy at New York University.* . . . **Anne Crutcher** *is on the staff of the* Washington Star. . . . **Jeffrey L. Lant** *is a tutor in history in Dudley House, Harvard College.* . . . **Dante Germino** *is a professor of governmental affairs at the University of Virginia.* . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** *is a freelance writer who lives in Maryland.* . . . **Charles Nicol** *teaches English at Indiana State University.*

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Buckley's disquisitions on foibles private and public are a delight, whether he is discussing the perversities of airlines, or exchanging memos with the uptight editors of *NR* on dirty words, or commemorating fittingly the death of textbook sexism. He has wit to waste, but seldom wastes it, even though some of the targets seem less than weighty: Professor Galbraith (a favorite), Clay Felker, the *Berkshire Eagle*—yet the issues they incarnate, often unwittingly, are well worth thinking about. Buckley is marvelous on his feet. What, one wonders, could he achieve if he were to sit down? But we should not be too greedy. His output would satisfy a gargantuan appetite, were it not that in satisfying he also stimulates the desire for more.

Marvelously articulate, he surely cannot be charged with aposiopesis. Yet I sometimes think that beneath the columnist, painter, harpsichordist, editor, etc. there is a philosopher clamoring to be let out. But then Buckley might feel as Oliver Edwards did: "I have tried in my time to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness was always breaking in." It does, however mournful the occasion, however gloomy the prospect. Indeed, Buckley has re-elevated the art of eulogy to the high standard from which it had long ago fallen. So much so, that I am firmly resolved to leave this world before he does, for his eulogy is bound to be much better than mine. □

Muhammad Ali
By Wilfrid Sheed
Crowell, 248 pp., $19.95

ALI OFF THE MAT ONTO THE COUCH

ANNE CRUTCHER

New Journalism means writing about politicians as if they were trying to run the four-minute mile and about football players as if they were striving for mystical union with the infinite. It gives us a lot of colorful writing, along with a lot of flatulent intellection.

Wilfrid Sheed can do this sort of writing with the best of them. He has the crispness and the flair for In usages; the reverberations of literacy. What makes him special is that he also has good sense and responsible inhibitions.

Which is to say that he doesn't take an unexamined idea and run with it. And also that his book about Muhammad Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, forever The Prettiest, the loudest, the baddest, and the most different heavyweight boxing champion we've ever had, is worth reading.

Sheed is very much in sync with the poetry of the prize ring, but you don't have to be overly responsive to the glamors of sweat and leather, floodlights, and macho strength put to the test, to enjoy the book. For him, the fascination of Muhammad Ali is more the personality than the punches—the real personality behind the deliberately outrageous façade that The Greatest has redesigned so many times to stay famous.

Is Cassius-Muhammad an authentic screaming egomaniac or a showman coolly marketing a product? He could be either, or a bit of both. As so many rock stars have demonstrated, the public can be made to like a jolt of offensiveness just as the rats in the psychologist's laboratory learned to like the electric shock that was supposed to penalize their mistakes.

And then, the religious bit. How much was the Black Muslim interlude, which cost Ali the heavyweight title and kept him out of the ring so long, sincere conversion and how much guerrilla theater getting out of hand? What are we to make of Muhammad Ali the war resister? Or Muhammad Ali the neo-puritan who can't leave the foxes alone?

Sometimes Sheed poses such questions a bit bombastically, but he always catches himself with sober judgments before he begins sounding like Norman Mailer. He can marvel at how far actorish sensibilities and the instinctual man's blood cunning can take a near-illiterate like Ali without ignoring some of the less romantic consequences of being that short on cognitive skills.

For example, he interprets some of Ali's behavior as the by-product of being bored much of the time. All those girls may not satisfy the ego or the sensual appetites so much as fill a blankness, or a need to have something happen.

Some of the best parts of the book are psychohistory, trying to explain Ali's relationship with his parents. Again, in speculating on how the gentle Baptist mother and the frustrated artist father affected the boy who repudiated the name they gave him, Sheed never goes too far. We're spared the Freudian arabesques that often cheapen genuine insights.

Sheed is also particularly good in his observations on Ali the black man relating to the black world. He catches the nuances of philistine tourist contempt for the primitive brothers in Zaire quite as precisely as he appreciates the combination of innocence, underdog cynicism, and mere fashionableness that went into Ali's stand on the Vietnam War.

Sheed suggests that Ali is so thoroughly hooked on *gloire* that he could do anything to support his habit, become a saint or a demonic criminal—anything—to keep himself conspicuous. And, yes, he's convincing. Some, at least, of the richness of import and possibility Sheed wants to find in Ali is there.

Sheed's book has too much vitality to need the reinforcement of pictures, but pictures it has, in spades. Neil Leifer of *Sports Illustrated*, and just about all the photo-journalists who have taken Ali's picture anywhere in the world, are represented. Most of the illustrations are in color and they do justice to their subject. What more needs to be said? □

The Federal Rathole
By Donald Lambro
Arlington House, 207 pp., $7.95

ARRGHHH!

JEFFREY L. LANT

From January 1 to May 1 of each year, every taxpayer works for the government—municipal, state, and federal. That is one very good reason why detailed attention should be given to what happens to the money collected. Is it really being spent wisely and in the best interests of the nation, and, if not, what can be done about it? Donald Lambro's timely little book quite rightly asks the questions, and points out just how widespread the problem is—and how expensive.

Unfortunately, over the past two generations there has been a striking

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RANDOM NOTES

■ NOVEMBER TITLES: T. Y. Crowell has two more by George T. Simon, tireless chronicler of the big-band era: *The Big Bands Songbook* ($14.95 till Christmas, then $16.95) and an update, edited by Mr. Simon, of *Esquire's World of Jazz* ($17.95). . . . Averell Harriman collaborates with Elie Abel on a memoir, *Special Envoy to Churchill and Stalin 1941-1946* (Random, $15). From the same publisher comes *Write if You Get Work: The Best of Bob and Ray* by radio's Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding ($6.95). . . . *Jung* by Laurens van der Post is based partly on interviews (Pantheon, $12.95). . . . Roger Blough, ex-boss of U.S. Steel, sees *The Washington Embrace of Business* growing more heated, advises businessmen to relax and enjoy it (Columbia, $8.95). One of Blough's predecessors, Charles M. Schwab, looms larger, as Robert Hessen says in *Steel Titan* (Oxford, $14.95).

A major work by *NR* contributor Ernest van den Haag: *Punishing Criminals* (Basic, $10.95). . . . Margaret Lane contributes the latest entry, generously illustrated, in the Johnson revival: *Samuel Johnson and His World* (Harper, $17.95). . . . Ronald W. Clark portrays *Bertrand Russell* and Walter Kerr recalls *The Silent Clowns* (Keaton, Chaplin, et al.), each $15 from Knopf. . . . Dutton unveils Chris Welles's irreverent look at Wall Street, *The Last Days of the Club* ($15). . . . Still writing, and now portrayed by Richard H. Goldstone, is *Thornton Wilder* (Saturday Review Press, $11.95). . . . *Literature and Liberalism* is an anthology from *The New Republic*, published by itself ($15). . . . Somebody just found General George C. Marshall's *Memoirs of My Service in the World War 1917-1918*, written in the early Twenties but never before published (Houghton, $8.95).

Murray Rothbard completes Volume II of his history of colonial America, *Conceived in Liberty*. This one is called *"Salutary Neglect": The American Colonies in the First Half of the Eighteenth Century* (Arlington, $12.95). The same publisher offers Charlotte Twight's anatomy of *America's Emerging Fascist Economy* ($12.95). . . . John P. Diggins studies four prominent leftists of the Thirties who moved *Up from Communism* over to *NR*: James Burnham, John Dos Passos, Will Herberg, and Max Eastman (Harper, $15). . . . UPI's Helen Thomas focuses on First Families, from the Kennedys to the Fords, in *Dateline: White House* (Macmillan, $8.95). For the same house, Vera Brodsky Lawrence's *Music for Patriots, Politicians, and Presidents* reproduces American songs from 1764 to 1876 ($35), and Warren Shore offers yet another exposé of *Social Security: The Fraud in Your Future* ($7.95). . . . Unlikely to be the last word on Watergate, alas, is Maureen Dean's version, *"Mo"* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95).

change in attitude regarding the function of government, to the point where it is very often taken for granted that government can do anything better than anyone else, no matter what the cost. Thus, whatever it does goes largely unexamined. The inevitable result of this uncritical attitude has been the growth and accumulation of a good many indefensible, overpriced programs. Lambro is right to argue that the proper question to be asked—and asked often—is, "Why should this program exist?" not "Why shouldn't it?" If an agency, commission, or office cannot justify its usefulness and account for its activities, then it ought to be abolished.

Perhaps this point of view might once have been called conservative, but it's actually nothing more than common sense. It is unfortunate that Lambro clouds an otherwise good point with political labels that might have been helpful in understanding the confusing configurations of the Sixties, but are rather out of date today. After all, incumbent "liberal" Democratic governors of Massachusetts and California, to name but two, have come down heavily in favor of the necessity to criticize, review, and continually justify all programs. The problem is rightly a non-partisan one, and its solution should appeal to anyone whose vested interests are not involved.

LAMBRO'S preliminary researches—which indicate that $150 million goes for largely superfluous film-making, $5.4 million for military servants, $1.9 million for Pentagon "top brass" dining rooms, etc., until the total tops $25 billion in fifty agencies—suggest that what is necessary is an ombudsman agency specifically commissioned to confront programs with pertinent questions and examine their reasons for existing. Individual congressional critics—both Republican and Democratic—do occasionally manage to uncover programs that are ridiculous, useless, or simply ill-conceived, and they should be encouraged to do so; but this way of handling the situation is often haphazard and inadequate.

One could probably predict what would happen upon the establishment of an ombudsman office. The appointment of an ombudsman at the *Washington Post* was greeted with enthusiasm, though when the man conscientiously went about fulfilling the job, the outraged reaction of those he dared to criticize was swift and intense. This kind of outrage would increase a thousandfold if there were a continuing, institutionalized scrutiny not only of pet projects but of whole agencies whose usefulness could no longer be defended. Yet this kind of scrutiny must take place to preserve us not merely from the presence of a good many obsolete departments, but from the wasteful spending that gilds their uselessness.

It is unfortunate that Lambro did not go on to suggest such a way of proceeding, but should such an investigatory body ever come into existence, it would do very well to start with his helpful ideas. □

From Enlightenment to Revolution
By Eric Voegelin
Duke University Press, 307 pp., $12.75

BREAKING CHAINS

DANTE GERMINO

During the past year, two publications by the man whom many discerning observers judge to be the leading political philosopher of our time have appeared. The man is Eric Voegelin and the books are *The Ecumenic Age* and the work presently under review. While the former, which constitutes Volume IV of Voegelin's magisterial *Order and History*, is philosophically the most profound and impressive volume to come from Voegelin's pen, the latter serves as the best introduction to Voegelin's work for the general reader, and possesses a special importance in the Voegelinian *corpus* in its own right.

From Enlightenment to Revolution covers ground that, judging merely by its title, could be all too familiar; after all, there are many able scholarly works on the revolutionary political thought of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At least four factors help trans-

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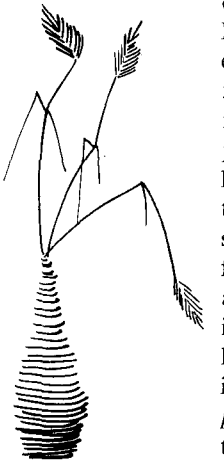
form this work from a learned "textbook" into a composition of genius that should find its way into the hands of every reader who wants to learn the nature and magnitude of the contemporary crisis. 1) Voegelin possesses the enormously rare gift of penetrating immediately to the philosophical core of the problem or thinker he examines: he unfailingly and repeatedly distinguishes between the essential and the peripheral. 2) Voegelin is never misled by conventional scholarship in judging the significance of thinkers and movements: who else, for example, would think of devoting two chapters to Helvétius in a work of comparable scope? And yet, after reading these chapters, the importance of this hitherto obscure eighteenth century French thinker for our understanding of contemporary ideological movements is readily comprehensible. 3) Voegelin never relies on secondary sources for his crucial points, but goes straight to the documents themselves in their original languages, interpreting them with extraordinary sensitivity and erudition. He rarely hazards an important generalization which is not supported by a cautious reading of the primary sources. Thus, when he negatively evaluates a Comte or a Marx (or even a Tolstoi or a Gandhi), he does so on the strongest and most ample documentation. Here is a man who speaks with intellectual authority, and the sources of that authority are displayed for all to see. 4) The implications of Voegelin's own profound and creative philosophy of "equivalent" symbols and their engendering experiences for our understanding of modern-day political thought and life are more completely spelled out here than in any other work he has written, including his well-known *New Science of Politics* (1952). For all these reasons, John Hallowell, the able editor of the present volume and a political theorist of stature himself, is to be congratulated on having persuaded Professor Voegelin to publish this work, originally written in the Forties and early Fifties and then set aside.

Reading *From Enlightenment to Revolution* is comparable to witnessing the detonation of a series of high explosives. Voegelin *explodes* the leading political dogmas and ideologies of our time. What many call approvingly "the secularization process" and "pluralism," Voegelin diagnoses as "deculturation" and "fragmentation" respectively. The idea of "progress" is revealed as a spiritual retrogression, wherein the "open future of man in history is transformed into a present aim projected into the future." The "progress" of the eighteenth century *philosophes* is thus seen to be "static" and closed.

More explosions follow. The vaunted "activism" of modernity is demonstrated to be the result of a neglect or even denial of the supremacy of the *bios theōretikos*, or Aristotle's contemplative life. Thus Diderot ridiculed the "useless contemplator" and Voltaire attacked the saint as someone who doesn't deserve to be "counted." In its main thrust, modernity is a despiritualizing process, which elevates the external over the internal and immanence over transcendence. It ends in the "crippled man" of Turgot, Condorcet, Comte, and Bentham, who is little more than a "utilitarian fragment" of the man formed by experiences of transcendence whom we encounter in classical philosophy and the Judaeo-Christian religiousness.

"Not only the idea of man, but also the idea of mankind has changed its meaning" in the modern period, declares Voegelin. The Christian idea of mankind was that of a "community whose substance consists of the Spirit in which the members participate; the *homonoia* of the members, their like-mindedness through the Spirit that has become flesh in all and each of them, welds them into a universal community of mankind." In the place of this exalted sense of community, we have the "tribe of immature utilitarians" of the immanentist "progressive" thinkers, who supply those who want to "paddle through life with a minimum of effort" with an ersatz "collective personality" through which they may feel that they are sharing in a great and powerful enterprise. Thus, the "totalitarian progressivism" of Turgot and Condorcet scarcely differs, in terms of its goal at least, from its Communist and National Socialist successors. All totalitarians want to "transform the surface of the globe into the habitat of a standardized mankind which is formed by a handful of megalomaniac intellectuals."

As devastating as are Voegelin's critiques of Enlightenment progressivist ideologues and of such prophets of scientism as Saint-Simon and Comte, they are mere warm-up exercises compared to the demolition of Marx as a philosopher. Voegelin shows, with his customary vast documentation and scrupulous regard for the sources, that Marx was not a philosopher at all, but was "spiritually diseased." The most glaring symptom of Marx's disease—to which Voegelin gives the name "logophobia"—is his "fear of critical concepts and of philosophy in general." Indeed, Marx deliberately refused to raise the fundamental question of philosophy; namely, What is the nature of reality? Instead, by simply referring to "reality" as the word is used in common parlance, he dogmatically cut off the *philosophical* question concerning reality.



If Marx had been open to the question raised by the inquiring mind of the philosopher he would not have produced "Marxism," an ideology which refuses to see that man is situated in an order of being and a cosmic order to which he is subordinated. Instead, Marx propagated the "blasphemous and futile nonsense" that he and Engels were the centers of world history, rather than "insignificant predicates" of a divine subject. Had Marx raised the question of the nature of reality, he would have been forced to recognize the "total context" of which he was only a minute part. Thus, Marxism reduces itself to "pseudo-logical speculation," "grandiose ranting," and a general intellectual "mess." "And these," Voegelin sardonically concludes, "are the ideas that shake the world."

A distinguished friend of mine and former student of Eric Voegelin's recently observed to me that "Voegelin's judgments are harsh—but they are correct." After a careful reading of this trenchant volume, one can scarcely disagree with this judgment. Free human beings of the world unite: you have nothing to lose but your intellectual chains. □

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Street Corner Conservative
By William F. Gavin
Arlington House, 152 pp., $7.95

CONSERVATIZED, NOT BUNKERIZED

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Every politician sufficiently astute to walk and chew gum simultaneously now realizes that the votes of America's working men are up for grabs. But McGovernized Democrats have forgotten how to talk to what they patronizingly call "ethnics," and Watergated Republicans have never known how, except for those rare moments when there is a commonly perceived enemy.

To be sure, as Gavin points out, the "ethnic" has become a hot property. "Find a tape recorder, get some Hungarian truckdriver blowsy with a six-pack, turn on the old machine, and you have yourself an instant master's thesis." And find a few more boozy, gregarious truckdrivers, one might add, and you'll get a book and a lead review in the Sunday *Times*.

Yet despite the current popularity of Gavin's urban conservative, politicians just don't understand him, don't understand what he wants. And that's the problem. One of the mental reflexes of our age is to assume that everyone wants something from his government.

"But the urban conservatives don't want anything," says Gavin, "except to be left alone, to live their own lives. They don't want to change the world, except for that small part of it which is familiar to them—their homes, their neighborhoods—and even this kind of change must be slow. They don't want to make drastic changes in society because, unfashionable as it might seem, they like the structure of society as it is. They are constantly scolded for this tendency to be content with the existing social structure . . . but they know what they know and they want what they want, and what they want is a little bit more of what they already have for themselves and a chance of material betterment for their children."

And it's really just as simple as that. Peculiar, isn't it, that such sentiments actually seem to have a radical ring these days.

THERE WILL, of course, be critical objections to the way in which Gavin makes such flat assertions. But he has the credentials to do so, having grown up in a working-class section of Jersey City and spent several years punching a factory time clock. He is, in short, writing about himself and the people he grew up with, those instinctive blue-collar conservatives who live in the South Phillies, the Queens, the South Bostons, and the Jersey Cities of America.

The American working man, Gavin reminds us, is nothing like the Bunkerized boob of popular media mythology. He is instead, in large part, an uncritically religious man with a deep love of family and a strong sense of community who accepts and lives by those values that have shaped Western civilization. He believes in the dignity of work and is characterized by the self-dignity that springs from that belief. He is not issue-oriented and he distrusts politics and politicians, but he has grown increasingly restless as the liberal activists have attempted to rebuild society by demolishing those things he most cherishes.

Gavin's urban conservative is ripe for political conversion. But the proselytizers must first learn how to talk to him.

And here lies the political value of Gavin's book, for he knows the people he writes about. There has been a rash of books on blue-collar Americans, but these have been written primarily by outsiders looking in. Gavin, however, is an insider looking out, and this gives his picture of urban working America a unique authenticity.

And finally, a word about Gavin's prose. There are about a dozen first-rate Republican speechwriters in Washington today. Gavin is one of them. And with this book it becomes evident that he has a larger talent. Somewhere inside Gavin there's a novelist trying to get out. Anyone who can create beautifully evocative scenes of life in Jersey City can create beautifully evocative scenes about anything. □

FICTION

The 158-Pound Marriage
By John Irving
Random House, 245 pp., $5.95

WRESTLING

CHARLES NICOL

The title comes from one of the characters who evaluates everything in terms of college wrestling weight classes; it indicates moderate approval. Although the novel is also middleweight in both size and subject, it is all muscle, all confidence and speed and sure grip.

Actually, not one but two marriages are the subject. An international couple meets its mirror image: the American narrator, a writer of historical novels, finds in this other marriage a lovely American woman beginning to write fiction; while her husband, a wrestling coach and teacher of German from Vienna, finds in our narrator's wife another stocky Viennese, another victim of World War II. After the kids are all put to bed, and on weekends when the kids stay home, they swap. This neat dovetailing of two couples seems extremely unlikely, and gives the story an idyllic, fairytale quality, especially prominent in those scenes where the sensuality of the four principals overflows their own bodies until it softens the landscape and turns the narration lyric. Yet reality keeps intruding. This apparently logical and considerate arrangement soon breeds its own tensions and fouls all its relationships.

Eventually the unnamed narrator learns that the other members of this four-cornered affair have different motivations from his own. His reason is

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simple attraction; his wife's reason is love; the other wife's reason is compensation for a previous infidelity by her husband; and the other husband, Severin Winter, seems continually on the verge of withdrawing from the whole business. While the narrator blames Severin for everyone's growing sense of discomfort and guilt, the other three ultimately condemn the narrator's selfishness for their troubles. Since it is precisely this lack of perception that makes him tell the story the way he does, it is somewhat difficult for the reader to evaluate these various accusations; but the sense of emotional estrangement on all sides is real enough. Perhaps the narrator's character is more obscure than the author intended.

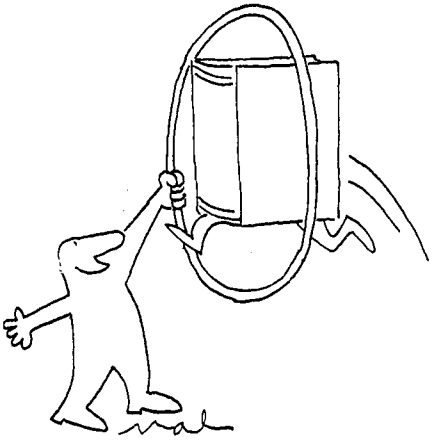
ALTHOUGH they could not resist the temptation of an escapade in common, these characters are all determined to hold on to their homes and children. Indeed, since people with a strong sense of family cannot step casually into each other's lives, the close pairing of the two couples was necessary to make their tag-team match believable. Once they realize they have begun to neglect their children, the adventure is over and they begin to build fires upon their own hearths. They all return to Vienna because "the truces made there over the years run long and deep." The narrator hopes he has learned patience, and there are indications that his marriage will recover. Because this is a comedy, everything will be better soon; we don't find out what the children thought.

John Irving knows what he is doing, and his confidence is reflected in his decision to start his novel with two epigraphs, one from Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, the other from John Hawkes's *The Blood Oranges* —two excellent novels with this same subject. Irving does not suffer in the comparison. He resembles Hawkes, however, in more than mere subject. His narrator, for instance, keeps the same distance between the reader and the story as a Hawkes narrator, neither directly taking charge of his story nor idly reminiscing but telling his experiences in bits and pieces, framing each event in impersonal analysis and personal asides, eventually coming up to the open present and its possibilities. Never totally able to assess the significance of what has happened but admiring its drama and offering interpretations, slightly lost but trying to be helpful, he still seems to hold something back—not because he is trying to conceal any secrets or mislead the reader, but because he is still within the story he tells at the present and hasn't yet completely formed his own opinion about its importance. Another resemblance is the way the characters keep returning to the college gymnasium with its womblike tunnel, its warm wrestling mats, its dramatic lighting and body heat, its humid swimming pool—choosing this ground for their darkest expressions of themselves. Like the obsessive, pregnant landscapes in a Hawkes novel, this gymnasium is an oversignificant inner mental construct held together more by psychic force than by the rules of architecture, an estranged dream in an alien world of consciousness, a lonely building placed under a spell. Overall, Irving is not quite as sensual, surreal, or mannered as Hawkes, but he has inclinations in all these directions. Both authors view comedy the same way, as a formal dance around the edge of a deep well.

Although I have some reservations about characterization in *The 158-Pound Marriage*, I intend to dig out Irving's other two novels. Incidentally, aside from being pretty good reading, this one is well-bound and reasonably priced. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

VANISHING FRANCE, *by John L. Hess (Quadrangle, 164 pp., illus., $12.50).* This is actually two books—a warm collection of "color" pieces on French life, politics, and history originally written by Mr. Hess for the *New York Times*, and a really splendid selection of black and white photographs of "old" France by Harold Chapman, sometimes unrelated to the text but always thoroughly enjoyable in their own right. Here are the French people in all their charm, oddness, shabbiness, and inexhaustible self-satisfaction; marketing, squabbling, eating, drinking, rioting, romancing, and surviving as distinctively Gallic despite the post-war barrage of non-French innovation now cluttering their everyday lives. The faces in the pictures justify the book by themselves. My favorites include a village tuba player (page 140) who bears an uncanny resemblance to both Groucho Marx and Professor Sidney Hook; a fetching if slightly shopworn streetwalker being ogled by two gendarmes who must not have realized that they were on camera (page 111); and a visual evocation of the generation gap built around two street benches, one occupied by stolid old peasant loungers, the other by a group of long-haired teenagers in sleazy modern garb (page 29). Mr. Hess's text is generally good and at its best when dealing with humorous French trivia such as the Common Market mini-crisis over defining *sauce Béarnaise*, or powerful emotional events like de Gaulle's theatrically simple burial—to his own detailed specifications—at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.



THREE WOGS *and "Theroux Metaphrastes: An Essay on Literature," by Alexander Theroux (Godine, 250 pp., paper, $3.95).* As Enoch Powell xenophobically points out, with the dissolution of the Empire, England has developed a "colored problem." "'Wogs, pack it off,'" Roland McGuffey, Theroux's Houndsditch toff, suggests on an underground wall, crudely verbalizing a sentiment shared by more Englishmen than the Home Office would admit. Of course, the wogs in Theroux's tripartite novel win—Theroux being one himself, after all. The comfortably bourgeois Mrs. Proby is poisoned-pea shot by Mr. Yunnum Fun, the Chinese grocer; the prole Roland is parabled to paralysis by Dilip, the mystical Indian electrical engineer; the fruitily aristocratic Reverend Which Therefore loses his love, African Cyril, to Anita the ballerina, by the connivance of his mama, Lady Therefore. Therefore, one concludes that, because of their bigotry, the lower classes will be undone, whereas the upper class will undo itself. But the real upshot of the novel's three racial-sexual-verbal battles is that "their how is not our how, nor ours, theirs." Happily, Theroux's "how" differs radically from the methods favored by our stiff-lipped, post-Hemingway generation of writers. In the essay "Theroux Metaphrastes," he declares he has "a very amplified prose style." Indeed, his range reaches from base Hyde Park Corner harangue to highly polished periods. His evocation of a desolate London Sunday, for example, is eerie in its exactness. In contrast, his description of a ladies' pub lunch is outrageously funny. *Three Wogs* is an excellent first novel. Moreover, it's a jolly good book. Both Anglophile and Anglophobe should read it. ROSA CUMARE

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REGNERY

(Continued from page 1174)

make them servants of society rather than its masters.

Communism and technology are two sides of the same coin. The workingman who embraces Communism—and he is more likely to live in Italy, with its rich pre-industrial culture, than in our own country—does so largely as a protest against the world that technology and industry have created for him. Undoubtedly, he does not realize that Communism itself is the ultimate expression of the technological point of view. Communism, as Whittaker Chambers put it, "is the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world." But by displacing God, Communism deprives man of his sense of divine origin and thereby robs him of his dignity as a person. With its rejection of God and its creed of economic determinism, Communism reduces man to nothing more than a helpless object in the stream of history.

It was a fruitful and stimulating occasion, this meeting arranged by the International Association for Western Culture—all the more so for having taken place in Rome, in a hotel, as it happened, situated between the Borghese Gardens and the Aurelian Wall. Built in the first century, the wall, like so much else in Rome, has a message: it failed to keep out the barbarians because the city within it had morally disintegrated. It is worth remembering, however, that while Rome did fall to the barbarians, there was a post-barbarian culture, because Christianity was there to carry it on. The theme of the Rome meeting, in view of the present aimlessness and disorientation of the West, may seem fanciful; yet, while Communism is one of the undeniable realities of our time, it is not only destructive, but sterile. It is none too soon to begin to think about what, if anything, will take its place. □

BURNHAM

(Continued from page 1165)

anti-Communist formations try to organize the new anti-Communist feeling that burst out this summer; in the factories and offices, where the battle is waged daily for control of the labor apparatus; among the refugees and soldiers back from Africa, wondering how to vent their frustration and bitterness; throughout the armed forces, seduced and bewildered by their introduction to the labyrinths of power.

Formation of the Azevedo government has not solved any of the basic issues of the Portuguese crisis, which is truly revolutionary. It will not solve them, because its structure—which is indeed an arithmetic, not a political concept—does not correspond with even the real political forces as they presently exist, much less with what they will become as a result of the molecular movements. The most the Azevedo government can achieve will be a brief pause or recess in the revolutionary process—a surface recess only, since the molecular movements will continue deeper down. The issues stirred in a revolutionary crisis have got to be *settled.*

The odds: 5 to 1 that this sixth government will not last the winter. □

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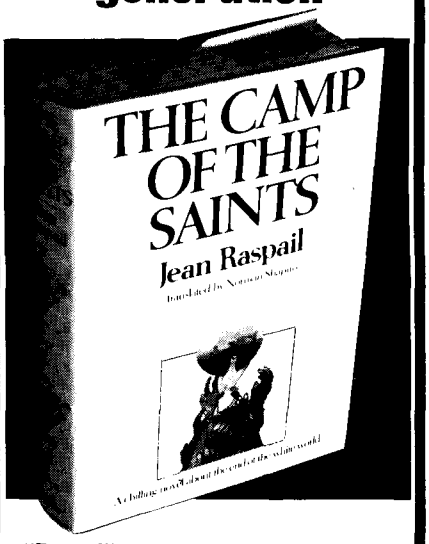

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CHARLES R. LADOW:

The Blindness
[of Macro-Economics].

The labor unions are the first to protest that their wages never keep up to inflation, but they lead in efforts to support inflationary government policies, which leads to a questioning of the intelligence and knowledge of their leaders and members.

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he had as a reporter accompanying a presidential candidate on the stump.

The candidate had begun his campaign with some relatively modest and rational pronouncements but, panicked by the progress of his demagogic rival, was soon attempting to outbid him. When Mencken and another reporter confronted him with his volte-face in the privacy of his coach, he explained, according to Mencken, "In politics man must learn to rise above principle." His closing admonition was, "When the water reaches the upper deck, follow the rats."

MAJOR DONALD A. BARBOUR
FPO, New York

Defending EPA

Ralph de Toledano's rather shabby treatment of the Environmental Protection Agency in "The Excesses of the Professional Environmentalists" [August 15] deserves a few comments.

Most environmental questions are extremely complex, technically, and the layman has almost no chance to know when he is being given only half the story. For example, Mr. Toledano quotes a professor of occupational health at a leading university as saying: "All attempts to find conclusive health damage caused by sulphur dioxide at levels normally present in city air have failed." Mr. Toledano makes this the last word on the subject. What he didn't say, however, is that sulphur dioxide readily combines with particles of floating dirt normally found in city air. These particles, when inhaled, can penetrate more deeply and stay longer than SO_2 alone, and *do* cause harmful lung irritation. Elsewhere in the article, the author asserts that pit (underground) mining is "far more hazardous" to human life than strip mining. Not so. The February 1975 *Coal Age* showed that while more fatalities occurred at U.S. coal mines in 1974 in underground mining than strip mining, the fatality rates per million man-hours worked in the two types of mining were almost equal (.45 to .43).

Mr. Toledano is making the same mistake Congress made by treating air pollution in a vacuum, when we now realize it is inseparably tied to energy, housing, land use, and growth policies. EPA may be guilty of some excesses, but the author makes no attempt to heighten our awareness of related long-range societal questions which are not now being adequately posed or answered.

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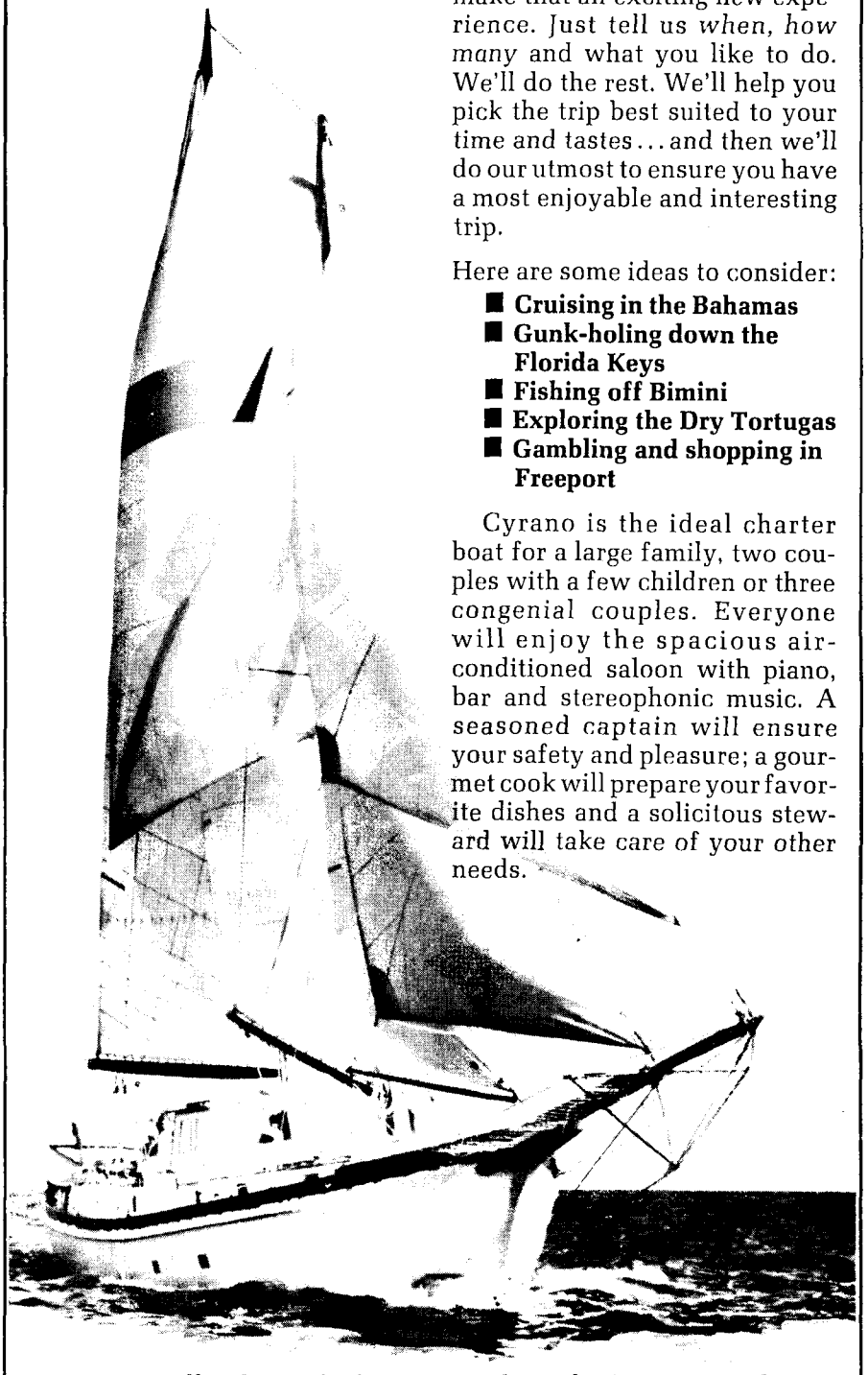

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On The Right

Your Ethos Is Slipping

New York, Oct. 8—There are stirrings in West Europe. From some of them we can take heart. The Danish political parties are finally running into genuine resistance over the lengths to which welfarism has taken them. One estimate puts the cost of social services at 55 per cent of the Gross National Product. Continue at that rate for a little longer, and the Danish people won't have money left over to buy porn with; though one supposes that the Social Democrats would come out for Free Porn. Perhaps some time before then, the people will rediscover their taste for freedom, and the great body of socialists who have written all the laws will be led to the gates of the city and given free passes back home.

In West Germany a recent survey suggests that something of profoundly alarming consequence is at work on the ethos. If one had to select the country that has most greatly prospered since the ravages of the Second World War, all indicators would point to West Germany. Here was not only the rubble of an atomized country, but the awful corporate sense of shame at having been dominated by a mad savage who was a popular leader. The Germans worked hard, and sincerely, for their prosperity and their democratic freedoms.

Suddenly things are beginning to go sour. A recent survey shows that among workers under the age of thirty, 39 per cent, if given the opportunity, would not work at all. The corresponding figure in 1962 was 22 per cent. The indisposition to work, then, has almost doubled in a dozen years. And hearken to this: In the age group between 16 and twenty, a total of 76 per cent would just as soon not have to work.

No doubt there are those who will find nothing in the least unusual about the figures. Work can be very unpleasant, and sloth achieved its standing as one of the capital sins because of the social recognition that what is unpleasant has nevertheless to be done. But the need for it does not make it pleasant. Dishes have to be washed, and fences painted, but it takes a conman like Tom Sawyer to persuade people that it is fun to do it. The substitute for Tom Sawyer in a modern society is an ethos—the work ethos. It was known intuitively for thousands of years that people feel better after exerting themselves. Modern psychologists, as usual certifying the obvious, establish that work is necessary to a sense of mental well-being. Sir Harold Nicholson wrote that "industry is the enemy of melancholy."

So what does it mean when three-quarters of the young people of the most enterprising and industrious nation on earth decide, with some suddenness, that they would just as soon not have to work for a living? Politically, the meaning of their decision is obvious. They are boob-bait for the demagogues of the Left who will whisper to them how they can get it for nothing—how, in the phrase of Albert Jay Nock, they can substitute political for economic means of aggrandizing wealth. What then happens, we all know. Everyone gets poorer, and there are fresh reasons—or are there?—for misery.

THE SURVEYS seem to be telling us that the standards of the bourgeois world are not accepted by people who rise up into that world by commanding high salaries in the free market. It is, says Professor Noelle Neumann of the Allensback Institute for Opinion Research, the other way around. The London *Times* paraphrases. "The bourgeoisie are adopting not only the blue jeans but also the social values of the workers. For over ten years, she finds, there has been a steady decline in traditionally bourgeois values such as respect for property, hard work, politeness, modesty, thrift, and the belief that one is responsible for one's own fate. There has been a corresponding spread of what she perhaps libelously describes as traditionally lower class attitudes such as lack of interest in work, avoidance of effort and risk, the desire for immediate gratification, doubts about the fairness of rewards, and fatalism about status."

Here was an interesting test question put to the respondents. A father has to decide which of his two sons to send on an exchange visit to England. He resolves on the one who has been getting the best grades in school. Obvious? "The percentage of people who approved his decision dropped from 62 to 49 between 1962 and 1972. In another question two secretaries of the same age do the same work but one gets paid more because she works better and faster." Right, said 73 per cent in 1962—but only 62 per cent in 1972.

Patrick Moynihan, who continues to startle the free world as well as the unfree world, made bold to say on television a couple of weeks ago that some countries are not as well off as they ought to be—Argentina, for example. But what do you do when the ethos begins to go? How do you revive it? The trick is to do something about it quickly, because if you let it go too late, a big jackbooted man usually appears, and he carries a lash. □

SENATOR BUCKLEY v. NEW YORK

New York, Oct. 2—New York's congressional delegation is scandalized by one of its number, Senator James L. Buckley, who has outraged precedent by behaving honorably, which is, roughly speaking, the opposite of behaving politically. The congressional delegation wants Washington, D.C., which is short-hand for Duluth, Abilene, Ft. Lauderdale, Bridgeport, Atlanta, and Boise, to guarantee the maturing bonds of the City of New York. Guaranteeing the bonds means making up the deficit, because the revenues being generated by the City of New York are insufficient to pay the obligations undertaken by the City of New York. Senator Buckley, in a word, is being vilified for declining to encourage other Americans to subsidize New York City's extravagance and mismanagement. A few observations:

1. There is in my opinion no reason at all to believe that the people of New York City are as outraged as their politicians. The people of New York City are over-taxed as it is, and there are no complaints heard more frequently among them than against the extravagances of their own officials. These have been countenanced in part because of

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the usual inertia of the voters, in part because somehow the money has materialized for all those extra services and all that welfare and all that tuition-free guaranteed admission to city colleges. If the bonds go into default, it will mean very simply that economies will have to be effected. The people of New York are bound to benefit in due course from any move that relieves them of the insidious burden of profligate spending.

2. A senator demeans the office if he considers it his primary function to wage a form of guerrilla warfare against other states in the union, the purpose of which is to take as much of the money that belongs to people who live out of state as he can, in order to spend it at home. A senator especially demeans the office if he considers it his duty to invade states poorer than his own, for the benefit of his own state.

3. A United States senator, as distinguished from a lobbyist for New York City, has some responsibility to meditate the consequences of his vote. Any guarantee by Washington, D.C. of the obligations of New York City instantly encourages other cities—and quite rightly so—to demand similar guarantees. And we revert to the old phenomenon of what I have called a sky black with criss-crossing dollars. The people who win those wars are the people with political muscle. That they should also think of themselves—as most New York congressmen have got into the habit of doing—as the world's most conspicuous humanitarians, is accepted by people with stronger stomachs than my own, and lesser minds.

4. Representative Edward Koch, who prides himself on his own independence, now says of his colleagues in Congress, "We should be acting as a delegation and speaking with one voice." I find no sanction in American history, in the Constitution, in the Bill of Rights, or in the work of Edmund Burke, Thomas Jefferson, John Stuart Mill, or Oliver Wendell Holmes to endorse this generality of Mr. Koch's. Translated, his statement says: "When we guys in New York get together to steal from other Americans, we ought to do it unanimously, since that way as individuals we are less exposed." Mr. Koch makes a demagogic but dangerous crack about Senator Buckley's previous residence in the neighboring state of Connecticut. Demagogic, because he never made such a reference to the previous residence of Senator Robert Kennedy. Dangerous because Connecticut pays out $1.54 for every $1.00 it receives from the Federal Government in welfare, whereas New York, which is wealthier than Connecticut, pays out only 98 cents for every $1.00 it receives.

5. From all of which we must conclude that Senator Buckley is living up to the promises he made to the people who elected him: to guard the federal system, to preserve the independence of the states, to speak the truth as he sees it. I am grateful to Mr. Koch for not proposing that such sentiments should be declared unconstitutional, though if they were, it would certainly relieve us at least of the burden of most congressional salaries. □

FRANCO'S EXECUTIONS

San Francisco, Oct. 4—It is hard to go for very long these days without thinking of James Burnham's masterpiece *Suicide of the West*. There is a fresh book, elaborating the same thesis, in a way. A novel, by the Frenchman Jean Raspail, which treats of a kind of amphibious invasion of the southern coast of France by a sampan Indian fleet of a million refugees fleeing their overpopulated and plague-ridden homeland, and the drama becomes: Will France resist? It is called *The Camp of the Saints*, and it might just as well have been called *Suicide of the West*.

The chorus of that plot has been singing very stridently in recent days, ever since a military court sentenced to death 11 Spaniards for—murder. General Franco commuted six of the sentences for extenuating circumstances, e.g., two of the girls were pregnant. The others he had taken out and executed by a firing squad. It was bad enough in the United States, where reports of the executions were as lugubrious as if it were Edith Cavell they were shooting. In Europe, you would have thought that Franco was executing five of Our Lord's 12 apostles: for the sin of going about the world preaching faith, hope, and charity.

One does wish that His Holiness Pope Paul would stop interfering in these matters. This is the third time now that I can remember. He has the power, unchallenged in the Catholic community, to declare that capital punishment is a moral crime. Let him use it, if he feels the afflatus. He would, to be sure, be required to revise those passages in the Old Testament that specify capital punishment for certain kinds of crime. But I do not see why the Pope makes no gesture against Catholic France for guillotining assorted criminals (some ten in the past ten years) who kill people, while protesting the execution of Spaniards who kill people.

The only generic distinction one can come up with is that in Spain the murders were "political murders." So? I cannot see that the victims—simple policemen—were in any way affected by the distinction. And I do not see that a state should consider that anyone within its borders who kills someone for a political motive should be treated more gently than someone who kills someone while robbing a bank. The argument, as a matter of fact, is entirely in the other direction. The principal corporate responsibility of the state is to guard itself: *salus publica, suprema lex*. Attempts on civil authority are attempts on civil order. And this statement is a generically safe one to make. One wishes that tyrants were regularly popped off by heroic assassins. But one cannot expect that those who are caught will go unpunished. Why didn't the legions in Europe rise up in protest against the public execution of the assassin of King Faisal? Probably because they were afraid they'd have to pay more for the gas they use up driving to town to make their protests.

President Echeverria of Mexico, who is doing his best these days to sound like Algeria's Bouteflika, proposed expelling Spain from the United Nations. It is safe for somebody like Echeverria to say that kind of thing because he is used to being ignored. When in 1968 some of the students in his own country got a little frisky, he gave the order to his executioners, who did their work not against convicted murderers, but, Kent State style, against waves of students, killing hundreds. Even today, the exact figure is a military secret.

FRANCO has executed eight people in 14 years. Almost two years ago, the revolutionists executed the premier. How many policemen and other innocents would have been dead if the law had not been enforced? Let France, which averages one new republic every twenty years as a result of the failure of the preceding one, prescribe for herself. And Germany, which should have executed Hitler and spared the lives of thirty million Europeans and Americans. Great Britain has come a long way since she used to execute schoolboys for stealing anything in excess of the value of one shilling. But the hangman, so dreadfully missed in England, is keeping his rope limber against the day when people there begin in earnest shooting down British policemen. I do not doubt that even now, a convicted terrorist exploding hand grenades in hotel lobbies would be gladly strung up by the British people. Franco would have the grace to remain silent. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A British gold coin — 22 135 25 61 132 157 19 176 139

B. An American coin now worth more than its intrinsic value — 31 54 148 205 211 64 28 108 131 151

C. One of the main presidential candidates in 1972; Gallup proved wrong again — 142 65 97 35 98 140

D. A type of medical practitioner — 163 123 33 223 39 203 69 193 210

E. A coin collector; not the kind that streetcar conductors carry — 168 9 30 201 114 4 46 48 57 74 80

F. What the Free World did at Helsinki — 170 218 161 207 34 152 186 197

G. Like Charles I of England, he died on an island — 191 81 194 3 76 36 174 99

H. A British silver coin — 216 23 60 112 126 221 180 71 86 133

I. One of Shakespeare's villains — 12 20 85 95

J. A silver coin used in Venezuela — 121 109 11 70 62 103 88

K. Sad — 175 150 179 143 89 107 77

L. A British silver coin — 187 177 124 165 222 83 144 213

M. A police officer in charge of several precincts — 196 125 75 110 63 13 44 137 91

N. At present — 202 14 138 92 158 145 7 127

O. A bar to one's alleging or denying a fact because of one's own previous action, by which the contrary has been admitted, implied, or determined — 26 32 40 87 8 68 29 21

P. Play be Elmer Rice; won Pulitzer prize in 1929 — 208 27 55 66 73 93 100 209 219 43 50

Q. A pettifogger — 58 45 160 128 115 166 182

R. More than a dozen of our counties have been named after this Frenchman — 72 167 15 184 79 129 47 153 162

S. Barter — 102 185 52 49 154 96 146 190

T. To feel one's way — 119 189 192 164 147

U. Had a constant desire — 181 183 206 120 214 169

V. One of the Inner Hebrides — 67 172 53 16 155 149

W. What the Prodigal Son was — 111 217 171 1 5 38 104 106 117 122 134 141

X. A day for planting trees — 113 200 159 220 212 215 56 51

Y. One of Congress' responsibilities — 136 188 204 17 156 198

Z. Rudimentary — 41 84 18 173 199 195 178 59

a. Repugnant — 2 10 37 42 82 94 105 118 130

b. The owner of a small vineyard (*Bible*) — 6 24 78 90 101 116

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1190 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 W	2 a	3 G		4 E	5 W	6 b	7 N		8 O	9 E	10 a	11 J	12 I
13 M		14 N	15 R	16 V	17 Y	18 Z	19 A	20 I	21 O	22 A		23 H	24 b	25 A	26 O		27 P	28 B	29 O
	30 E	31 B	32 O	33 D	34 F	35 C	36 G	37 a		38 W	39 D	40 O	41 Z	42 a	43 P		44 M	45 Q	46 E
47 R		48 E	49 S	50 P	51 X		52 S	53 V	54 B		55 P	56 X	57 E	58 Q	59 Z		60 H	61 A	62 J
63 M	64 B	65 C	66 P	67 V		68 O	69 D	70 E	71 H	72 R	73 P	74 E	75 M	76 G	77 K		78 b	79 R	
80 E	81 G	82 a	83 L	84 Z	85 I		86 H	87 O	88 J	89 K	90 b	91 M	92 N	93 P	94 a	95 I	96 S	97 C	
98 C	99 G	100P	101b	102S	103J	104W		105a	106W		107K	108B	109J	110M	111W	112H		113X	114E
	115Q	116b	117W	118a	119T	120U		121J	122W	123D	124L	125M	126H	127N	128Q	129R	130a		131B
132A	133H		134W	135A	136Y		137M	138N	139A	140C	141W		142C	143K	144L	145N	146S	147T	148B
	149V	150K	151B		152F	153R	154S	155V	156Y	157A	158N		159X	160Q		161F	162R	163D	164T
165L	166Q		167R	168R	169U		170F	171W		172V	173Z	174G	175K	176A	177L		178Z	179K	180H
181U	182Q		183U	184R	185S	186F	187L		188Y	189T	190S		191G	192T	193D		194G	195Z	196M
197F		198Y	199Z	200X		201E	202N		203D	204Y	205B	206U	207F	208P		209P	210D	211B	212X
213L	214U	215X		216H	217W		218F	219P	220X	221H	222L	223D							

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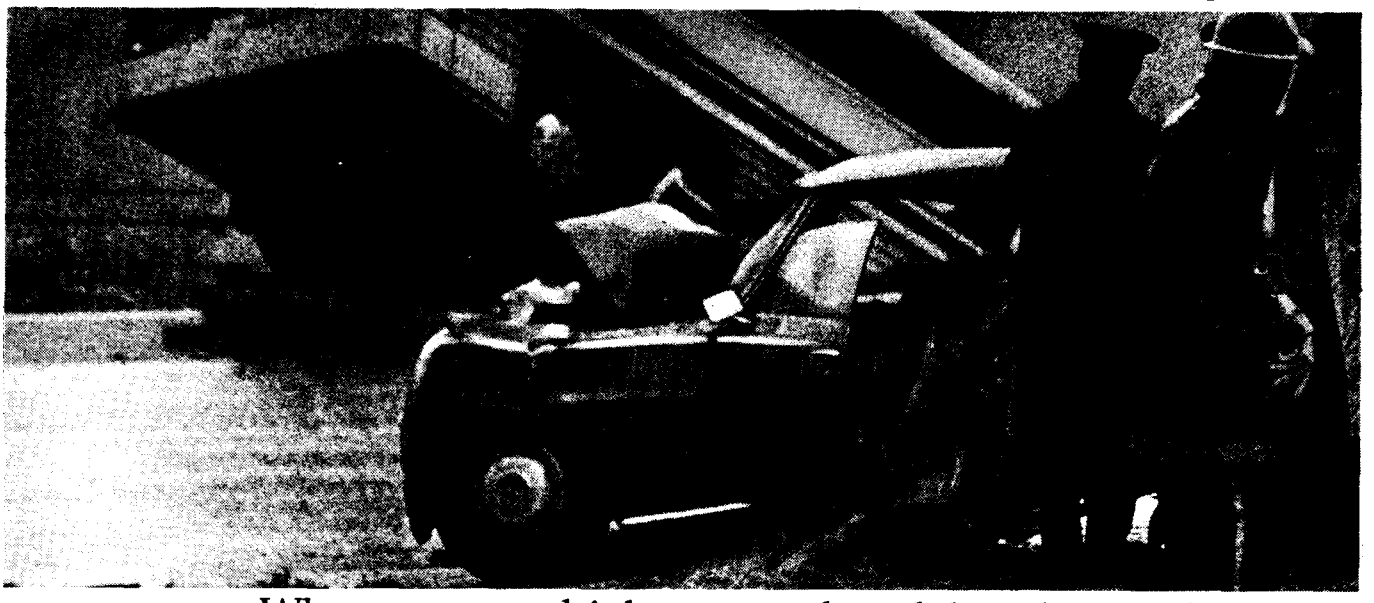
SILENCE IS DEADLY.



When someone drinks too much and then drives, it's the silence that kills. Your silence.

It kills your friends, your relatives, and people you don't even know. But they're all people you could save.

If you knew what to say, maybe you'd be less quiet. Maybe fewer people would die.

What you should say is, "I'll drive you home." Or, "Let me call a cab." Or, "Sleep on my couch tonight."

Don't hesitate because your friend may have been drinking only beer. Beer and wine can be just as intoxicating as mixed drinks.

And don't think that black coffee will make him sober. Black coffee never made anyone sober. Maybe it would keep him awake long enough to have an accident. But that's about all.

The best way to prevent a drunk from becoming a dead drunk is to stop him from driving.

Speak up. Don't let silence be the last sound he hears.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION • NATIONAL HIGHWAY TRAFFIC SAFETY ADMINISTRATION

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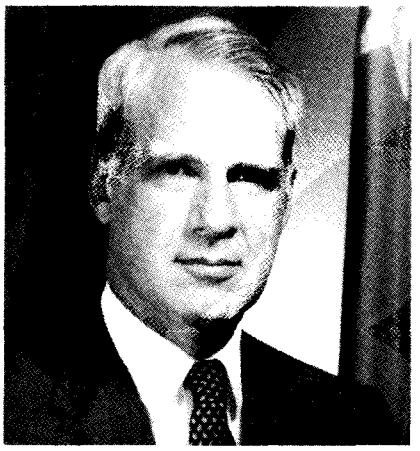

James Schlesinger,
Secretary of Defense

"Is our Military Defense Adequate?"

Week of October 18
on your local PBS station

Richard Wiley,
FCC Commissioner

"FCC and Public Policy"

Week of October 25
on your local PBS station

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Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of carpets, chances are it will come from

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business,
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When at last you do succeed...

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

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